THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, CORNER OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. TERMS, $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 7.

THE LONE WIDOW'S SOLACE.

Yes, she sat there alone, with the daintiest cup
Pressed close to her soft lovely rosebud lip;
The cup of her sorrow, though sombre as night,
But reminded the widow were fair.

She thought of her wedded one's grave far away,
South the ocean's wide wastes and dreary decay,
And wondered if she would not happier be
When she by his side should be laid.

Then she sighed, as she looked at his vacant chair
By the hearthstone, where late him still
And she wondered if ever another guest
That big place would fill.

And she sighed, when crackled the cozy wood-fire,
That her sorrow were all of alone;
For "the blessings that ye have received, freely-
give,"
Was a favorite theme of her own.

Thus she thought of her neighbor who across the way,
Who mourned his departed wife
Who "gave all to the poor" for herself—
For the deserving desolate life.

He was chastened, though why she never could tell;
Was in prayer was so gifted as he!
And in singing a soul-stirring psalm or hymn,
Who seemed nearer heaven to be?

The while she mused thus, the deacon, too
thought
Of the sorrow he had learned in his youth.
He "gave all to the poor as well as himself,"
And he asked, "Have I done this in truth?"

Another old widow came to his mind:
"What ought to be done to-day,
Defer not till to-morrow," He darted at once
To comfort poor lone Widow May.

In comforting others, our griefs may grow less;
The deacon forgot all his own;
And the widow, who sat by the hearth to be heard:
"It's not good that world alone."

If only he dared—and his heart beat fast,
For the widow was bright and fair—
"Would you—or might I—that is, now, I mean—
Your home is so lonely—and sober."

And the widow blushed as his eager eyes
Met hers in last made plea;
And our lonely home, where once there were
two
Grew token he would not in vain! *

THE GRANADAN DUEL;

OR, THE

Castilian and the Moor.

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER IV.

MICHAEL IN A QUANDARY.

While Gay and Mark, with the assistance of Pedro, was fixing a pillow for Manfred's head, the Moor rallied. He turned on his side, and took from the saddle-bow a small silver bell, which he rang with a quick, nervous motion, having done this he rejoined his companions.

Every deep excitement, after having flood the pillow, had been to induce the shirt of mail at the throat, in doing which he had exposed the glittering talisman. Under the moonlight it shone brilliantly, showing not only that the knight might be hurt, but knowing not how, what power he had at all for good. And he slipped the chain from Manfred's neck, and hung it about his own, where it could be seen at once. This last act accomplished the when the Moor joined him.

"Good, infidel!" said the Moslem, in a voice peculiarly soft and winning, "you must allow me to bear a part in your labors. I trust our brave champion is not mortally injured."

"I know not," returned Gay, pulling the buttons and small array from the leather on the speak. "It would not seem to be a fatal point in the armor, and yet the dagger than appearances."

Together they removed the shirt of mail, while Pedro went to the river for water, which he brought in a steel cap.

"The gash does not appear be a deep one," said the Moor.

And in truth it was not. The well-tempered mail had obstructed a blow which might else have crushed through the skull; but the terrific force of the stroke, falling upon a surface so large, had caused the head to be stunned as dead. Gay, however, with the sufferer began to revive as soon as the water which had been poured on the wound; and when the shoulder had been bathed with the cool water he applied to a sitting posture and looked around.

"Michael!" he called.

"Where is Michael?" asked Gay, stooping for the first time since the incident of the fight.

"He has not been with us during our fray," said Pedro. "Certain have remained behind."

"How?" cried Gay, in a quick tone. "Not out! My soul! I has not thought that Michael was absent."

Manfred, whose senses were fully returned, stopped the flow of blood by means of thought to be strange. Considering that the cowardice of Michael was a matter of public comment, and that he had never been known to exhibited the situation. He remembered that the man of the sword which had struck him, and whom he had stricken in return, and he knew that the attack upon Morrell, however, had been the result of a carefully laid plot. There might be other enemies in the field, and he who had appeared beneath the ebeautiful "Hold!" he cried, in a voice which was full of the bravest among the brave. "Let Michael be where he may, he is found work elsewhere. God grant that he may not be worse off than am I."

"Easy, Sir Manfred," said Gay. "If my words seemed a reflection upon your courage I now many times. Let us first look at your wound, and we will then look for Michael."

Without further delay Manfred submitted to the manipulations of his friends, and very soon a wet compress had been placed upon the wound, and the shoulder well bound up. The hurt was not a deep one. Thanks to the trifle nor of the mail the bones of the shoulder had not been injured, so bring to the blow were being fractured.

This done, both Gay and Pedro started off in quest of Michael, leaving the Moor in charge of the wounded Knight.

"My brave friend—my brother," spoke the

THE MEETING OF MIRIAM AND HER FATHER AFTER HER RESCUE FROM THE RUFFIANS.

Moslem, "I feel that to you especially do I owe my life. The man whom you have slain was the very serpent of treachery, guile in strength, and a ruffian by instinct and principle. I would tell that he had aimed the blow which would have proved fatal to you, and that I was not upon it in time. I have no hope that both yourself and your companion may be repaid in something more than empty gratitude."

Manfred looked up into the speaker's face, and beheld a man of medium height and size, whose Moorish features were of the very finest mould, and whose face was strikingly handsome. He was of noble age—not more than forty years—and in bearing was more of a man to nothing.

Manfred was strongly impressed by the face, and the single fact that the man had been the object of a shot of such dire magnitude was sufficient indication of his social, if not political, importance.

"I am interested the youthful Knight. "I am glad that my first essay in Granada has been so pleasant."

"Most say you!—Pleasant! By my faith, I should think it had been the most pleasant of your life!"

"Who knows," said Manfred, reflectively, "what fate might have been mine in another direction? But," he added, looking up with a smile, "what is this power which surrounds with a human life? If this stashed shoulder stands between yourself and Gay, I am to bear it cheerfully, and deem it a pleasure."

The stranger's countenance lit up with a grateful look, and the warm light of the lustrous eyes seemed to flash with a deeper glow, but he did not have spoken, and which he did not attempt to speak. He grasped the knight's hand, and lowly said:

"Let the fates to come show how grateful I can be." Then, after a pause, he added:

"Your remarks would imply that you are a stranger in Granada?"

"Yes. I saw your city yesterday for the first time."

"You are from Castile?"

"I am."

"May I know you by a name?"

"I am called Manfred de Alcala, and bear the knightly rank."

"And your friend?"

"Is the Count Gay de St. Mark."

The Moor presumed to ask no more, and presently Manfred resumed:

"Since you know how to call me, will you learn the blessings of the man to whom I have so providentially met?"

The Moor hesitated but only for an instant.

"You may call me *Abdalla*," he said, "I have answered to the name for many years, and suppose I look to this shoulder of yours. A fresh compress would not be amiss."

And straightway, with gentle manipulation, he proceeded to loosen the wrapping, and to perform the operation which he had suggested.

Meantime Gay of St. Mark and Pedro had gone in quest of Michael, and were not long discovering the object of their search. He was ground, behind a dense thicket of cedar-trees. At first they thought that the man was dead, as he lay without life or motion. The marks of a severe conflict were to be seen in the torn turf, and in the beaten bushes, as well as in the gore of the blood which smeared the place; but only the body of the esquire was found, and that was without motion.

Gay took in the scene at a glance, and then knelt at the side of the fallen man. He quickly discovered that the only wound he had received had been upon the head. It was a gash of no great depth, but one sufficient to lead to consciousness and set up a local inflammation of water upon the wound, and the addition of a bandage, so far from the injured man that he stood upon his feet and looked around.

"Where is Sir Manfred?" was his first question.

"He is alive, and near at hand," replied Gay.

"But he is sorely wounded."

"How know you?"

"Were it not so he would be here."

"True, good Michael, Sir Manfred is wounded; but not seriously, I trust. And now tell me—whom met you here?"

"I met no one by particular knowledge, or suspicion, he did not choose to communicate it to the Knight of St. Mark.

"As I followed in the steps of yourself and Pedro, after I was set upon in the glen by the basty ruffian who sprang upon my path, and whom I slew in self-defense, I thought I would have proceeded on from going further—and, as it proved, had done so—but I thought I hear by half a gentle reminder of His duty."

"How you wound him?"

"Aye. He had been a dead man at the first stroke, but for the stout steel plate which he wore upon his breast. I gave him the lunge of my sword, and he fell as if caught in the Master—but the knowledge saved him. I picked him arms and his side, and when the latter was gone was the client upon the head. He was a ready knave, and a soldier. Now he was no my master—and let no both think God that he hath his hurt from a Moor rather than from the hand of a Christian and a brother."

"Well!" heartily responded Sir Gay, as he gave his esquire his hand.

"Now, Michael," said Manfred, "tell me what fate might have been mine in another direction? But," he added, looking up with a smile, "what is this power which surrounds with a human life? If this stashed shoulder stands between yourself and Gay, I am to bear it cheerfully, and deem it a pleasure."

The stranger's countenance lit up with a grateful look, and the warm light of the lustrous eyes seemed to flash with a deeper glow, but he did not have spoken, and which he did not attempt to speak. He grasped the knight's hand, and lowly said:

"Let the fates to come show how grateful I can be." Then, after a pause, he added:

"Your remarks would imply that you are a stranger in Granada?"

"Yes. I saw your city yesterday for the first time."

"You are from Castile?"

"I am."

"May I know you by a name?"

"I am called Manfred de Alcala, and bear the knightly rank."

"And your friend?"

"Is the Count Gay de St. Mark."

The Moor presumed to ask no more, and presently Manfred resumed:

"Since you know how to call me, will you learn the blessings of the man to whom I have so providentially met?"

The Moor hesitated but only for an instant.

"You may call me *Abdalla*," he said, "I have answered to the name for many years, and suppose I look to this shoulder of yours. A fresh compress would not be amiss."

And straightway, with gentle manipulation, he proceeded to loosen the wrapping, and to perform the operation which he had suggested.

Meantime Gay of St. Mark and Pedro had gone in quest of Michael, and were not long discovering the object of their search. He was ground, behind a dense thicket of cedar-trees. At first they thought that the man was dead, as he lay without life or motion. The marks of a severe conflict were to be seen in the torn turf, and in the beaten bushes, as well as in the gore of the blood which smeared the place; but only the body of the esquire was found, and that was without motion.

Gay took in the scene at a glance, and then knelt at the side of the fallen man. He quickly discovered that the only wound he had received had been upon the head. It was a gash of no great depth, but one sufficient to lead to consciousness and set up local inflammation of water upon the wound, and the addition of a bandage, so far from the injured man that he stood upon his feet and looked around.

"Where is Sir Manfred?" was his first question.

"He is alive, and near at hand," replied Gay.

"But he is sorely wounded."

"How know you?"

"Were it not so he would be here."

"True, good Michael, Sir Manfred is wounded; but not seriously, I trust. And now tell me—whom met you here?"

"I met no one by particular knowledge, or suspicion, he did not choose to communicate it to the Knight of St. Mark.

"As I followed in the steps of yourself and Pedro, after I was set upon in the glen by the basty ruffian who sprang upon my path, and whom I slew in self-defense, I thought I would have proceeded on from going further—and, as it proved, had done so—but I thought I hear by half a gentle reminder of His duty."

"How you wound him?"

"Aye. He had been a dead man at the first stroke, but for the stout steel plate which he wore upon his breast. I gave him the lunge of my sword, and he fell as if caught in the Master—but the knowledge saved him. I picked him arms and his side, and when the latter was gone was the client upon the head. He was a ready knave, and a soldier. Now he was no my master—and let no both think God that he hath his hurt from a Moor rather than from the hand of a Christian and a brother."

"Well!" heartily responded Sir Gay, as he gave his esquire his hand.

"Now, Michael," said Manfred, "tell me what fate might have come upon me

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

bearing which could give you an understanding of the purport of it."

"And you be perpared to stop me from following you, Mr. Ralph?"

"If still so inclined."

"No more."

"Did you sound him?"

"Only slightly. I piaped for my favorite air, and when I had warmed him up a bit, and thought full one of my accomplishments, I asked him if he could play. He answered me not a word, but glanced off through a bit of woods in front. The motion so angered me that for the moment I lost my wit, and then blew upon the head was the result.

"They are not think you wounded him seriously."

"I think not. I think I have carried away more than his wig and thought nothing of that. He bled a little; but that oftentimes does a man good."

After a pause Aladdin reached out and took Michael's hand.

"My good friend, I thank you for the information that you have given me, and I shall not soon forget the service you have rendered me. But I have an additional favor to ask. Hold your silence upon this matter, and give no one else the information touching that conflict in the forest which you have given to me."

"Must I hold it as a secret from my master?"

"I suppose you would feel better to be free with him in this matter?"

"While still naturally ask me as you have asked."

"Can he be secret?"

"As the grave."

"Then be free with him; but speak of it to no one else."

Michael gave the required promise, and having once more expressed his thanks the Moor left him.

"By Sun Jupe!" cried the latter, rising up in his bed, and looking hard at the vacant place where his mysterious visitor had disappeared, "I would like to know who that man is! If I have never heard opening of his lips, I have even somebody who looked wonderfully like him."

And Michael lay back upon his pillow and tried to connect the face of the Moor with some event of the past, but this trying, effort was not avail, he fell asleep.

On the following day the enemie found himself comparatively well. There was a slight pain in the head, and he felt weak as can; but the physician, upon considering the matter, declared that he would be all right in a few days. He was not in the least afraid to let his attendants be left out in the garden, for he knew that he was safe from intrusion, and he could plainly see the soldiers of the town and the surrounding country from the window of his room. Besides, he had the Moor and the white-handed waits that brushed of in the immediate vicinity, and he was perfectly at ease on that score.

Early in the morning Michael Mardred, the son of the governor of Mount Moor, called on the wounded man. He was deeply exercised in mind concerning the encounter. At least he was not only wished to know how it fared with his friend, but he wished also to know how it fared to others—he felt only friendship—and so, knowing that he had been with the wounded man the Knight of Afrida, he knew that he would have the most reliable account of the affair.

"I ought to see him," he said to Pedro, "and return to him the sword which I removed from his bosom while he lay wounded in the forest. He may not know that he has been disarmed."

"If it is your desire," suggested the sexton, "I will keep the sword in my keeping. Or I will carry it to Michael."

"It must not be," returned Guy, shaking his head. "I took the jewel, and I must restore it. It is none valuable than you think. The diadem of Charlemagne contained not a stone so precious as that which sparkles within crystals in the hilt. Michael, I would know how long he is to be confined?"

"That you may know when the combat is to be renewed?" ventured Pedro.

"Even so; and as there is an unconfortable expression, I would that my hands should be free from blood. I have had enough of that for a season."

"Dost not know the law, Fadre? Will I ever acknowledge that my sword has been drawn in no unholy cause?"

"Surely not, my master."

"And dost think the Mardred will ever make such acknowledgement?"

"Not I, my lord."

"Then how else can it be? The law of chivalry is impotente. The knight who appeals to the arbitrament of arms cannot look orably lay down his arms until the contest is ended. I have started to my enemie to be fought out. The knight who retreats or retracts from the field forfeits his honor. Is not opinion?"

"You may there not be a mutual suspension?" queried Pedro.

"No," answered Guy.

The sexton started to express the opinion that such a law was unjust and arbitrary, but he thought not time desirable.

"The law," he said, "was meant to be just and impartial when it was made; but it has long since become several to combat. It was meant to fit the arms of the knights above all petty strife and wrangle. It was meant to correct forces the combat if we would. Still I will go and see the Moor. Then I will go free, and find the physician, and gain his permission."

Accordingly, some two hours after the departure of the physician, he found himself in the presence of the wounded man.

"I am a Knight, and a Christian!" replied Guy. "I am the son of Sir Guy, and I am one of the women who hath summoned me."

"She—she—whom you love, the dog of a Christian!" cried the Moor.

"Have a care!" hissed the Moor.

"I have been duly defied by Guy. And he advanced as he spoke, and presented the point of the sword.

The Moor was flushed and angry, and his eyes had a fierce glare; while the Christian was calm and collected, and displayed no passion or duty on his hands. The result was speedy. The Moslem was a skilful swordsman, and quicker than it takes to write it the sword of Guy was struck from his hand, and the latter instantly withdrew his blade, and handed the hilt to the Moor, as he was well aware that he stood to where the second sword had fallen.

Michael smiled, and had seen his companion fall, and as the Knight approached him he took up his head upon his knee, and looked back. Whether he feared the encounter, or whether he thought that he had won it and the reward of victory, we cannot say; but he was not there to fight, and he was at no pains to conceal it. A smooth passage was made for the Knight, and Guy caught the lady in his arms to prevent her from falling.

Further thought of the villains whom he had so nearly overcome was thrown to the Knight's mind by the new mood that was upon him. The lady, with a face as white as death, and limbed his protection. Her voice was gone, and she could only look her thanks. For one moment the Knight stood with his eyes upon their face, and then he turned and looked upon the Moor.

The latter was on his knee, but her strength had been too severely taxed to permit her to remain there long. She fell back upon the Castilian knight, appeared upon the scene with a sword in his hand.

Sir Alfonso knew the Knight at a glance, and he knew that the Knight would not strike a fallen foe. He therefore stood still, and with extreme exhilaration, and fitting her in the arms of the Knight, he turned to the Moor.

The latter nodded, and he was gone.

"Not with thought of blame," he said; "but the walls are high, and the gates should be locked."

"This evening," explained Guy. "I came to the gate with my sword, and when I could not visit Sir Manfred, and when I could not be admitted, I drew my sword, and the gate was sure he knew the way."

He paused and looked down upon the lady. She had never seen anything so divinely tall and extraordinary. A very halo of heavenly grace gave radiance to every feature, and it seemed to her that he was the very soul of chivalry. The Knight gazed upon her with a look of admiration, and his eyes met hers and looked up into the Knight's face. And even then the charm was troubled only to sink more deeply into her soul. The light of the heavens was deep, and sombre—those eyes of the Knight—and they were filled with a tenderness that spoke to his heart. She dismissed shock reaction to his heart. She dismissed the thought as a foolish one, and the tenderness of his face drew down her eyes and blushes as he being descended the transparent window, and every thought of his seemed in one brief moment to have become centred in the angelic being who was held in his arms.

The maiden looked up and met the gaze of the Knight, and she saw that upon his face was a look of love. It was a face brave and bold—a face upon which was stamped the very highest type of manly beauty—a face giving token of strength, and love, and truth. For some had not so far failed her but that she knew she was engaged to the man who had just served her, and she showed no sign of displeasure. She was grateful to him, and therefore the noble Knight was from his knee.

"Lady, I trust harm hath not come to you."

"Only the harm of a great fear," she replied, and her voice was low, but full and rich, dropping her eyes, while a slight flush passed over her face. "I—I—I thank you—herself from his embrace.

"Then I am rewarded for your own support," he said.

With quick perception she marked the words upon her memory, and then, with her presence's face, and putting forth her hand.

"Thanks to your noble assistance, kind sir, I am free."

"I am right sorry that I was not present in his fight, and the maiden did not shrink from his touch.

Presently he added—

"Is the lady Isabel, fair lady

"It is" she answered.

"Then I am informed I have succeed!"

"Surely, sir knight, you have succeeded in your mission," she said. "I am Miriam, the daughter of Sir Manfred."

"I am Guy of St. Mark, a Christian knight from Castile."

The maiden looked up with an expression of wonder and admiration, and then the announcement had given her new cause for fear.

"You are the brave Knight who overcame the Moor in combat in the forest—the friend of the lady Isabel?" she said, in a low, sweet voice.

"I met thy father in the forest, dear lady, though it was his friend, and not himself, that I fought."

"And in serving the friend you served him, fair lady," he answered, and smiling upon her in a way that pleased her.

A pain shot through Guy's heart—a pain that he could not understand or overcome, and it came from the simple mention by those lips of the name of the lady Isabel.

"You knew not Manfred?" he said.

"No," she answered. "My father has not called me to visit him."

"Then I will go as quickly as it had been," he said, and he did so, and he looked toward the steps, and as he did so he asked if the lady Isabel was in the castle at that time. Then whom he had rescued her.

"I am sorry to say that she is," she replied. "Were the tools of the Prince Ramon."

"Then I am sorry that I rescued them," he answered. "I have been a traitor to Ramon and to Castile."

"Sir," interposed Miriam, "I am at the same time heartless and unscrupulous. He is the prince of the King."

"He is a prisoner of the King?" suggested Guy.

"Or," nodded the lady; "and he seeks my father's aid."

"I am in need of the sword drawn in St. Mark's behalf," said the Knight, and he transformed into a very demon in St. Mark's behalf," said the Knight, and he transformed into a very demon in St. Mark's behalf," said the Knight, and he transformed into a very demon

O, YE MYRIAD FLOWERS!

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Ceaseless thanks unto Him, O ye myriad flowers!
For blooming thus by the way-side or in bowers,
So sweet in your fragrance, so rich in your dyes,
And such symbols of Life in Eternity's skies!

What miracles ye in each delicate line!
What poems in their serene silence divine!
And yet the divineness not lost when the breeze
Makes the flowers a harp breathing soft harmonies.

Ceaseless thanks unto Him, O ye myriad flowers!
And gratitude grows when we know Heaven's bowers
Are full of those flowers from whence ye were born,
At His light-flashing word, in Creation's grand morn.

Yes, there in the Heavens those flowers still shine,
Perfuming the mansions forever divine,
And there the saved spirits weave wreaths free from earth;
O that we may with them crown Paradise-worth!

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XCI.

VICTOR AND ELECTRA.

Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill—
For human good depends on human will—
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from a first impression takes its bent;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
DRYDEN.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, the Rev. Mr. Lyle and Victor Hartman left their hotel together, and went to Mrs. Wheatfield's, to escort the ladies to the University, where Dr. Jones and Alden Lytton were to meet them and introduce them to the president. The two gentlemen found the young ladies already dressed and waiting.

Miss Cavendish explained that her aunt did not care about seeing more of the University than she had already seen, and preferred to remain in the house with the bishop's widow and rest that day.

And so, under the circumstances, they—Miss Cavendish and her young friends—had decided not to have a carriage, but to take advantage of the fine morning and walk the short mile that lay between the village and its great seat of learning.

Nothing could have pleased their escorts better than this plan.

And soon they—the party of five—set out upon the pleasant country road that led out to the University.

Emma Cavendish and Laura Lytton led the way, and by Laura's side walked the Rev. Mr. Lyle. Electra dropped a little behind, and was attended by Victor Hartman.

They talked of the fine morning and of the beautiful country, of the grand Commencement of the preceding day and of the University they were going to see, but they talked in an absent-minded manner, as if indeed they were both thinking of something else.

This lasted until they were half way to the place, when at length Electra turned suddenly upon Victor, and said:

"Do you know, Mr. Brent, that your face seems a very familiar one to me?"

"Indeed?" said Victor, bending his head nearer to her.

"Yes, indeed. Your face struck me as being familiar the first moment I saw you, and this impression has grown deeper every moment we have been walking together: and now I *know* of whom you remind me," answered Electra. And then she paused and looked at him.

He made no remark.

"You do not care to know who that was, it seems," she said.

"O yes, I do, I assure you, Miss Coroni, if you please to tell me."

"Then you remind me of a poor lad whom I once knew and liked very much in New York, when I was as poor as himself," said Electra meaningly.

"It is very kind of you to remember the poor lad, after so many years and so many changes," replied Victor.

"I wonder if that poor lad ever thinks of *me*, 'after so many years and so many changes?'" murmured Electra musingly.

"I don't know. Tell me his name, and then perhaps I can answer your question. I have roamed around the world a good deal, and seen a great many different sorts of people. Who knows but I may have met your poor lad? Let us have his name," said Victor gravely.

They were both, to use a household phrase, "beating about the bush."

"Oh, he was too poor to own a name. But he was cook's boy on board a merchantman, and they called him 'Galley Vick.' I never knew him by any other name. Did you ever see him at all?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen him! A good-for-nothing little vagabond he was! No, I don't suppose he ever dares to think about such a fine young lady as you are. But he cherishes the memory of a poor little girl he once knew in Rat Alley, New York. And only the day before yesterday, when I happened to be with him, he was saying how much he would give to know what had become of that poor little girl."

"Yes, it was very nice of him to remember her," said Electra musingly.

"You say that you knew the poor lad in New York. Perhaps, as they were so much together, you may have known the poor little girl also?" said Victor.

"I cannot tell you unless you give me her name. There were so many poor little girls in New York," answered Electra, shaking her head.

"*She*, like the boy, was too poor then to own a name. They called her 'Sal.'s Kid.' I never knew her by any other name," answered Victor.

And then their eyes met, and both laughed and impulsively put out their hands, which were then clasped together.

"I knew you at the very first sight, Vick," said Electra, giving full way to her feelings of pleasure in meeting her old playmate again.

"And so did I you. Heaven bless you, child! I am so happy and thankful to find you here, so healthy and prosperous. You were a sickly, poor little thing when I knew you," said Victor, with much emotion.

"I was a famished poor little thing, you mean. Food has made all the difference, Victor," laughed Electra.

"My name is Joseph Brent, my dear," said Hartman, who almost trembled to hear the old name spoken.

"Ah, but 'Sal.'s Kid' knew you only as 'Galley Vick.' I thought Vick was the short for Victor. But it seems you really had a name all the time as well as I had, though neither of us suspected we possessed such an appendage."

Hartman bowed in silence.

"And now I suppose you would like to know how it happens, that you find poor little ragged, famished, sickly 'Sal.'s Kid,' who used to live in Rat Alley among the thieves and tramps, *here*—well lodged, well dressed and in good company?"

"Yes, I really would."

"Well, it was 'all along of' a grandfather."

"A grandfather!"

"Yes, a grandfather. I really had a grandfather! And I have him *still*. And you have seen him, and his name is Dr. Beresford Jones. And moreover, I had a great-grandfather back of *him!* and also forefathers behind *them*, and ancestors extending away back to antiquity. In fact I think they ran away back to Adam."

"I dare say they did," answered Victor with a smile; "but tell me about that grandfather."

"Well, you must know that he was wealthy. He owned Beresford Manors. He had one child, 'sole daughter of his house.' She married a poor young Italian music-master against her father's will. Her father cast her off. Her husband took her to New York, where they fell by degrees into the deepest destitution. They both died of cholera, leaving me to the care of the miserable beings who were their fellow-lodgers in the old tenement house. I believe I was passed from the hands of one beggar to those of another, until my identity was lost and my real name fogotten. But I do not clearly remember any of my owners except Sal. And I was called 'Sal.'s Kid.'"

"It was then I knew you," said Victor.

"So it was. Well, you know all about that period. It was soon after you went to sea that Sal.'s husband, being mad with drink and jealousy, struck his wife a fatal blow and killed her."

"Horrible!"

"Yes, horrible! I have heard since that the man died of mania-a-potu in the Tombs, before his trial came on."

"And you?"

"I was taken by the Commissioners of Charity and put into the Orphan Asylum at Randall's Island."

"And how did your grandfather ever find you there, where your very name was lost?"

"You may well ask that. My name was lost. I suppose, hearing me called 'Sal.'s Kid,' they mistook that for Sal. Kidd. Any way, they registered my name on the books of the Island as Sarah Kidd."

Victor laughed at this piece of ingenuity on the part of the authorities, and again expressed wonder as to how her grandfather ever found her.

"If I were a heathen, I should say he found me by chance. It looked like it. You see, he had met with misfortunes. His wife, my grandmother, died. And he was growing old, and his home was lonely, and his life was dreary. And so he relented toward his poor daughter, and even toward her husband."

"But too late!" put in Victor.

"Yes; too late. He relented too late," sighed Electra. "He went to New York, where they had been living when he had last heard of them, and after making the most diligent inquiries, he only learned that they had been dead several years, and had left an orphan girl in great destitution. Well, he advertised for that child, offering large rewards for her discovery."

"But in vain, I suppose?" said Victor.

"Ah, yes, in vain; for I was at Randall's Island and registered under another name."

"The case seemed hopeless," said Victor.

"Entirely hopeless. And then, partly from his disappointment, and partly from seeing so much of suffering among children, he became a sort of city missionary. It was in his character of missionary that he went one day to an examination of the pupils of the girls' school on Randall's Island. There he saw me, and recognized me by my striking likeness to my mother. Indeed he has since told me that I am a counterpart of what my mother was at my age."

"And your face is such a very peculiar, and I may say unique face, that the likeness could not have been accidental, I suppose," observed Victor.

"That is what he thought. Well, without saying a word to me then, of his recognition, he commenced with the slight clue that he had in his hands, and pursued investigations that in a few days proved me to be the child of Sebastian and Electra Coroni. Then he came to the Island and took me away, and put me to school at Mount Ascension. There I made the acquaintance of the young lady friend that I am now staying with. Miss Cavendish is my cousin. Last month I graduated from Mount Ascension. And on the first of next month I am going to Beresford Manors, to commence my new life there as my grandfather's housekeeper. And, Victor—I beg your pardon—Mr. Brent, I hope that you will come and visit us there," concluded Electra, with a smile.

"But how would your grandfather, Dr. Beresford Jones of Beresford Manors, take a visit from a poor adventurer like me?" inquired Victor.

"He will take it very kindly; for he also will ask you to come," said Electra.

Victor bowed, and walked on in silence.

Electra spoke again:

"I have told you without reserve how it was that I was so suddenly raised from extreme poverty to wealth, and now—" She paused and looked at her companion.

"And now you want to know how I came by my fortune?" smilingly inquired Victor.

"Yes, of course I do," answered Electra.

"The explanation is short and simple enough. I became suddenly rich, as some few other poor vagabonds have, by a fortunate stroke of the pick—by a California gold mine," quietly answered Victor.

"Oh!" exclaimed Electra.

And she stopped and put him away from her a step, and stood and stared at him.

Victor laughed. And then they went on, for their companions were at the gates of the University, waiting for them to come along.

They entered the beautiful grounds occupied by the extensive buildings of the University, and where several of the Professors, as well as a few of the students who had not yet left for the vacation, were taking their morning walks.

The visitors were soon met by Dr. Jones and Alden Lytton, who came up together to welcome them.

After the usual greetings, Alden introduced his party to several of the Professors, who received them with great courtesy, and attended them through the various buildings, pointing out to them the most notable objects of interest, and entertaining them with the history, statistics and anecdotes of the institution.

They were taken into the various libraries, where they saw collected vast numbers of the most valuable books, among which were a few very unique black letter and illuminated volumes, of great antiquity.

They were then led into the several halls, where were collected costly astronomical and chemical apparatus.

And finally they visited the museum, filled with cabinets of minerals, shells, woods, fossils, and so forth.

And after an interesting, but very fatiguing tour of inspection, that occupied four hours, they were invited to rest in the house of one of the Professors, where they were refreshed with a dainty lunch, after which they returned to the village.

And the evening was spent socially in Mrs. Wheatfield's drawing-room.

CHAPTER XCII.

A SURPRISE.

In the course of that evening they were surprised by a visit.

It was from Mr. Craven Kyte, who came to call on Miss Cavendish.

He was invited into the drawing-room, and introduced to the whole party.

Mr. Kyte was in the deepest state of despondency.

He told Miss Emma that, a few days previous, he had received a letter from Mrs. Grey, saying that she was about to leave Charlottesville for a little while, in order to give up her rooms to Miss Cavendish and her party; and that she did not know exactly where she should go, but that she would write and tell him as soon as she should get settled.

"And since that, Miss Emma, I have not heard one word from her, nor do I know where she is, or how she is, or how to find out," concluded Mr. Kyte, in the most dejected tone.

"How long has it been, Mr. Kyte?" inquired Miss Cavendish.

"FIVE DAYS," answered the young man, as solemnly as if he had said five years.

"That is but a short time. I do not think you have cause to be anxious yet a while," said Emma, with a smile.

"But you haven't heard from her yourself even, have you, Miss Emma?" he anxiously inquired.

"Certainly not, else I should have told you at once," replied Miss Cavendish.

"For mercy's sake, you never came all the way from Wendover to Charlottesville to ask that question, did you, Mr. Kyte?" inquired irrepressible Electra, elevating her eyebrows.

The lover, who had so unconsciously betrayed himself, blushed violently, and stammered forth:

"No—not entirely. The fact is, for more than a year past I have been watching and waiting for an opportunity to change my business from Wendover to Charlottesville. And I came up partly about that also. But as a—a friend of Mrs. Grey, I do feel anxious about her mysterious absence and silence."

"I assure you, Mr. Kyte, that Mrs. Grey is quite capable of taking excellent care of herself," added plain-spoken Laura Lytton.

"Come, Mr. Kyte, cheer up! We are going on a pilgrimage to Monticello to-morrow, and you must join our party," said Miss Cavendish kindly.

But Mr. Kyte excused himself, saying that he could not leave his business long, and must start for Wendover the next morning.

And soon after this he took leave.

The next day was devoted by our party to a pious pilgrimage to the shrine of classic Monticello, once the seat, now the monument of Thomas Jefferson.

The whole party, young and old, gentlemen and ladies, went.

The Bishop's widow forgot her housekeeping cares, and took a holiday for that day.

And even Mrs. Fanning, who did not care to see the great University, could not miss the opportunity of a pilgrimage to that Mecca.

The party was a large one, consisting of five ladies and four gentlemen.

And so it required two capacious carriages and two saddle horses to convey them.

They formed quite a little procession in leaving the village.

In the first carriage rode Mrs. Fanning, Emma Cavendish, Electra, and Dr. Jones.

In the second carriage rode Mrs. Wheatfield, Laura Lytton and Mr. Lyle.

Alden Lytton and Victor Hartman rode on horseback, and brought up the rear.

Their way lay through the most sublime and beautiful mountain and valley scenery.

Monticello is built upon a mountain, some three miles south of the village.

Perhaps there is no private dwelling in the whole country occupying a more elevated site, or commanding a more magnificent panorama of landscape, than Monticello.

It is a fine country house of great architectural beauty and strength, built upon a lofty and slightly inclined plain, formed by grading the top of the mountain.

It commands a stupendous prospect, bounded only by the spherical form of the earth. And standing there, with the earth beneath and the heavens all around, one fully realizes that we live upon a great planet rolling in its orbit through immense space.

Our party spent a long summer's day up there in the sunshine, and then, after eating the luncheon they had brought with them, they set out on their return to the village, where they arrived in time for one of Mrs. Wheatfield's delicious early teas.

The remaining days of the week were passed in walking, riding, or driving to the most interesting points of the neighborhood.

On Saturday morning they took leave of the Bishop's widow, and set out for Richmond, *en route* for Wendover and Blue Cliffs.

They reached the city late on the same night, and took up their old quarters at the Henrico House.

They staid over the Sabbath, and went to hear Mr. Lyle preach, morning and evening, to his old congregation.

On Monday morning the whole party resumed their journey, and arrived at Wendover early in the afternoon of the same day.

There the party were destined to divide.

There were carriages from Blue Cliffs waiting by appointment at the railway station, to meet Miss Cavendish and her friends.

And there was the hack from the Reindeer Hotel, for the accommodation of any other travellers who might require it.

Mrs. Fanning, Emma Cavendish, Laura Lytton and Electra, attended by Dr. Jones and Alden Lytton, entered their carriages to go to Blue Cliff Hall.

Mr. Lyle and Victor Hartman took leave of them at their carriage doors, saw the horses start, and then set out to walk together to the bachelor home of Mr. Lyle, where Hartman was to be a guest.

CHAPTER XCIII.

AT THE PARSONAGE.

Mr. Lyle lived in a pretty white cottage, covered nearly to the roof with fragrant creeping vines, and standing in the midst of a beautiful flower-garden.

Here he lived his bachelor life, quite alone but for the occasional sight of the old negro couple that were waiting on him—Aunt Nancy, who did all his house work, and Uncle Ned who worked in the garden.

He found the faithful old couple prepared to receive him and his guest.

A tempting repast, combining the attractions of dinner and tea, was ready to be placed upon the table just as soon as the gentlemen should have made their toilets after their long journey.

Mr. Lyle led his guest into a fresh, pretty room, with white muslin curtains at the vine-clad windows and a white dimity spread on the bed, and white flower enamelled cottage furniture completing the appointments.

"This is a room for a pretty girl, rather than for a grim miner," said Victor Hartman, looking admiringly around the little apartment.

"I call it the 'Chamber of Peace,' and that is why I put you in it," said Mr. Lyle.

After they had washed and dressed they went down together to the cozy little dining-room, where they did such justice to the tea dinner as made Aunt Nancy's heart crow for joy.

And when that was over, they went into the snug little parlor and sat down to talk over their plans.

It was then that Mr. Lyle informed Victor Hartman that he was doing all the work of the parish during Dr. Goodwin's hopeless indisposition, and that he had been doing it for the last twelve months.

"You will succeed him here as Rector, I presume," said Victor.

"I presume so; but I do not like to speak of that," gravely replied Mr. Lyle.

"No, of course you do not. And I really beg your pardon. I should not have spoken myself, only in my girl's interests. You see, I felt a little curious and anxious to know where her future life would be likely to be passed, and I thought it would be a much happier life if passed here, near her dear friend Miss Cavendish, that's all," explained Victor.

"You seem to consider that quite a settled matter," replied Mr. Lyle, a little incoherently, and blushing like a maiden.

"Yes, of course I consider it all quite settled. You, in your earnestness, cannot conceal your liking for my girl, and she, in her innocent frankness, does not even try to conceal hers for you. And I heartily approve the match, and am ready to dower the bride," said Victor.

"But I have not ventured to speak to her yet," stammered Mr. Lyle.

"Then you may do so just as soon as you please," answered Victor.

"And now about Alden," said Mr. Lyle, by way of changing the conversation.

"Yes, now about Alden. He does not suspect that I am his banker, I hope."

"No, indeed. I paid him over the munificent sum you intrusted to me for him. He feels—well, I may say, painfully grateful, and is confident that he must sometime repay you, with interest and compound interest."

"Yes, my boy will certainly repay me, but not in the way he thinks," observed Victor gravely.

"After a week's visiting with his sister at Blue Cliffs, he will go up to Richmond and select a site for his office, and purchase his law library, though I think he will have to go to Philadelphia to do that."

"Yes, I suppose he will," admitted Hartman.

"What are your own plans about yourself, Victor, if I may be allowed to ask?" inquired the minister.

"Well, I haven't any. I came on here to see my boy and girl, and settle them in life as well as I can. I shall stay till I do that, any way. After that, I don't know what I shall do. I do not care about going back to California. My business there is in the hands of a capable and trustworthy agent. And somehow I like the old mother State; and now that you lead me to think about it, perhaps I shall spend the rest of my life here; but, as I said before, I don't know."

"By the way, dear Victor, you spoke to me with much simple frankness of my most private personal affairs. May I take the same liberty with yours?" inquired Mr. Lyle very seriously.

"Why, of course you may, if you call it a liberty, which I don't, you know," answered Victor, with a smile.

"Then, my dear Hartman, how about Miss Electra? I was not so absorbed in my own interests as not to have an eye to yours."

"Ah, Miss Electra! Well, parson, she *was* my little old acquaintance of Rat Alley, when I flourished in that fragrant neighborhood as 'Galley Vick.'"

"No?" exclaimed Mr. Lyle, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes," quietly answered Victor Hartman. "And it is a wonder that you, who know the family so well, do not know this episode in its history."

"How was I to know, my friend, when no one ever told me? I suppose that few or none *but* the family know anything about it."

"I suppose you are right," said Victor. "Well, you see, she recognized me, as surely as I did her, at first sight. We had an explanation as we walked out to the University that day."

"But how came the granddaughter of Dr. Beresford Jones ever to have had such a miserable childhood?"

"Well, you see, there was a disobedient daughter, a runaway marriage, a profligate husband, and the consequences—poverty, destitution, early death, and an orphan child left among beggars and thieves! Her grandfather found her at last, and took her under his guardianship. That is the whole story in brief."

"Well, well, well," mused Mr. Lyle, with his head on his breast: then raising it, he went back to the previous question:

"But what about Miss Electra?"

"I have just told you about her," replied Victor.

"O yes, I know. You have told me something about her, but you haven't told me all. Take me into your confidence, Victor."

"What do you mean?" inquired Hartman, in some embarrassment.

"Why, that you and your little old acquaintance seem to be very fond of each other."

Victor laughed in an embarrassed manner, and then said:

"Do you know that when we were in Rat Alley, and she was a tiny child and I was a lad, there was a promise of marriage between us?"

"That was funny too. Well, what about it?"

"Nothing. Only, if I dared, I would some day remind her of it."

"Do, Victor. Believe me she will not affect to have forgotten it," said Mr. Lyle earnestly.

"Ah! but when I think of all I have passed through, I dare not ask a beautiful and happy girl to unite her bright life with my blackened one. I dare not," said Hartman very sadly.

"Nonsense, Victor! You are morbid on that subject. Yours is a nobly redeemed life," said Mr. Lyle solemnly.

"But—my past?" sighed Victor.

"*She* had a dark past too, poor child. But no more of that. In both your cases,

"'Let the dead past bury its dead!
Live—live in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!'

And now it is time to retire, dear Victor. We keep early hours here," said Mr. Lyle, as he reached down the Bible from its shelf, preparatory to commencing evening service.

Then they read the Word together, and offered up their prayers and thanksgivings together, and retired, strengthened.

This week, to which Alden Lytton's holiday visit to Blue Cliffs was limited, was passed by the young people in a succession of innocent entertainments.

First there was a garden party and dance at Blue Cliff Hall, at which all the young friends and acquaintances of Miss Cavendish assisted, which the Rev. Dr. Jones and the Rev. Mr. Lyle endorsed by their presence, and in which even Victor Hartman forgot for the time being, his own dark antecedents.

Next Mr. Lyle himself opened his bachelor heart and bachelor home to the young folks by giving them a tea party, which delighted the hearts of Aunt Nancy and Uncle Ned, who both declared that this looked something *like* life.

But the third and greatest event of the week took place on Friday evening, when Dr. Beresford Jones gave a great house-warming party, on the occasion of his carrying home his granddaughter and sole heiress, Electra Coroni.

Not only all our own young friends, including the reverend clergy and the Californian miner, but all the neighborhood and all the county were there.

And they kept up the festivities all day, and well into the night.

Emma Cavendish and Laura Lytton remained with Electra for a few days only, for Alden Lytton was to leave the neighborhood for Richmond, on the Monday morning following the party at Beresford Manors.

And during all this time no word was heard of Mary Grey.

That baleful woman had heard all that had passed at Charlottesville and at Wendover, and her vain and jealous spirit was filled with such mortification and rage that she was now hiding herself and deeply plotting the ruin of those who had been her best friends and benefactors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TEAR.

BY HATTIE KYLE.

Paul Pruden was a bachelor, thirty-five years of age, if he was a day, and with a bald spot on his head, which made him appear much older than he really was; and Nelly Lyndon was a sweet little creature still in her teens; but Cupid had willed it that Paul should overlook all the elderly maidens and youthful widows of his acquaintance and fix his affections on this one little Nelly.

They were near neighbors, and spent many evenings together. Indeed, the acquaintance was growing antiquated, for it had commenced when the young lady was a mere school-girl, and Paul had escorted her from school under his umbrella on rainy days, pretending to come upon her accidentally, while, in fact, he had dodged, school children and neighbors and exposed himself to the elements for no other purpose.

There were people who thought Paul Pruden a handsome man, who admired his good taste and common-sense, and considered him a very important feature in the matrimonial market; but Paul was afflicted with an over-modest opinion of himself. That shiny bald spot in the midst of his curly pate vexed him greatly, and he vaguely felt himself to be a little old-fashioned, a little behind the times. Lively little Nelly was surely the last person to care for a dull old fellow like him, yet he grew fonder and fonder of her as the years went by, and more and more constant in his attentions.

One by one Nelly's lovers dropped away. If a new one entered the lists, an evening spent in company with Paul and the object of Paul's adoration was sufficient to quench the hopes of the new-comer and drive him forever from the field; yet this notable cavalier was blind to everything but Nelly's worth and his own deficiencies.

At last, however, an officious friend—one of those people who have small faith in the law of progression, but would fain put a shoulder to fortune's wheel—suggested to Paul that he should marry Nelly.

"Marry Nelly!" The thought almost took away his breath. But the good seed was sown. It took root. It grew like Jack's bean-stalk. By the next day it was a full-grown plant. Yes, he would marry Nelly if she would have him; but there was the rub.

After much self-torment and many meditations before his mirror, Paul decided that he would know his fate that very evening; so, dressed in his finest style, and armed with an exquisite bouquet, he betook himself to the mansion of his beloved.

Never before had Nelly looked so lovely. Her dark, rippling hair, adorned with a single pale rose, fell low over her white forehead.

Conversation did not flow with its wonted vivacity. There seemed to be great difficulty in getting beyond the weather. If it had been raining torrents, and they out in miles of quagmire, they couldn't have stuck there more ignominiously; but at last they floundered out, in a somewhat unexpected manner.

"I think of going to Europe," blurted out Paul.

He had not in the least intended to do or speak of such a thing a moment before, but it struck him as a good way of sounding Nelly's feelings, and he did most assuredly mean to go if she proved herself indifferent.

"Indeed," answered Nelly, carelessly. "And when do you intend to start, Mr. Pruden?"

"By the next steamer," quoth he, with rage in his heart. "I am lonesome here. There's not a creature cares whether I'm alive or dead, and I begin to want a little recreation."

Nelly bent down her head to bury her pretty little Grecian nose amid his floral offerings, and Paul thought—no, he must be mistaken—but he certainly fancied for a moment that a sparkling tear dropped upon her bosom.

What a freak imagination had played upon him! or it might have been a dewy tear from his own rosebuds.

"So much for an old fool's conceit!" he muttered to himself; for the next instant Nelly raised her smiling eyes to his with a jest.

Never had he known her so lively, now the first dullness of the evening was over. She told him what a gay time she should have that winter while he was on the Continent; how she was going to a ball only the next week with Captain Fitzjames, and did he think lavender became her—she was solicitous to know—for her dress was to be lavender and white lace. And then she confided to those most unsympathizing ears that Captain Fitzjames was the finest dancer she knew, and had lovely mustaches, and "such hair!" and "such splendid eyes!"

Paul groaned in spirit, and took his leave. O, Nelly, Nelly! How he longed to kiss her! Perhaps he might when he came to say good-bye. But no. When her praises of that unknown captain recurred to his memory, he thought it might be better to leave a note of farewell.

The next day he engaged his passage to Europe, and overturned and emptied every trunk, drawer and box he possessed, to discover what he needed for his trip. In the midst of the confusion came a tap at his door, and he was descended upon by his nephew Ambrose, a youth of sixteen, who thought Uncle Paul a good, generous fellow, but somewhat of an "old fogy," and amenable to all kinds of advice.

"What's the row, Uncle Paul?" was his first inquiry. "Going to Europe? That's jolly!"

And thereupon proceeded an examination of the bachelor's belongings by this youthful scion of the house of Pruden. The wardrobe was by no means despicable. The young fellow was much impressed by its solid character, and consulted gravely with his uncle as to what additions might be requisite, offering innumerable suggestions the while.

"O my, what a lot! What will you do with them?" he cried out presently.

The exclamation brought Paul from the interior of a huge trunk, among whose contents he was delving, into the daylight, to find young Ambrose raking industriously among the smaller paraphernalia of his toilet, producing therefrom kid gloves of various hues, which he fished forth one by one, and held to view admiringly.

"Oh, they are soiled," said Paul sadly, and sighed, not for the gloves, but for the happy evenings they had seen in Nelly's company.

"Why, that's no matter," cried Ambrose, in an encouraging tone. "They an't hardly soiled a bit, and you can have them cleaned as good as new. Mother always does. And there's a dyer's around the corner, a first-rate place."

"Well, I'll try the experiment," said Paul mildly; "but I expect they will come back all streaks and spots, and I don't believe they'll be done in two weeks."

Finally their arduous labors were completed, and Ambrose went off whistling, with a handsome present in his pocket, the usual result of a visit to his Uncle Paul; and the lonely bachelor spent the rest of his day in melancholy meditations, with his garments still strewn around him.

Then, as trifles will intrude on the most solemn occasions, a thought of his nephew's advice crossed his mind, and he separated from the mountain of apparel before him, some three dozen pairs of kid gloves of the finest Parisian make, whose tips had been blest by the touch of Nelly's tiny fingers, and laid them aside in a parcel, proceeding thereafter to adjust and dispose of the miscellaneous heap before him, and then retired to rest with a heavy heart.

The next morning the parcel caught his eye. He rang for the small boy who usually waited upon him, but the boy was not at hand.

"It's truly ridiculous," he said to himself, "to bother about them. But I am always being accused of extravagance. I'll see if I can't be economical for once, and I'll go myself. They'll be more apt to let me have them in time."

So off he sallied, parcel in hand, hesitating and turning back more than once. He said afterward that Fate led him on. The dyer's shop was soon reached, a dingy looking establishment, much darkened by the garments draped in its window; but through the gloom, while his hand was still on the door, Paul discerned a figure he knew full well leaning across the counter, in earnest conversation with the only attendant of the place. As he stood there, waiting till she should turn and recognize him, his eye fell upon the objects of her animated discussion. There was the pretty blue silk she had worn at least three winters before, and a dozen other articles she had cast off long ago.

Dear little Nelly! She must be very saving, or very much in want of funds, to resort to such thrift. How he would have liked to lavish dainty things upon her!

"Can you take out this spot?" she said, at length, lifting from the heap a silken scarf, the same pink and white one he had admired only the evening before.

"If you can tell me, Miss, what it was that made the spot, I think we may," said the woman behind the counter. "If it is ice-cream, it is one way we take it out; if it is something else, another way; but the color is so delicate we must know at first."

"It's a tear," cried Nelly, with a little musical laugh.

"Ah!" said the other sympathetically. "Some sad parting. Well, we will see."

And then the girl turned to catch a glimpse of the stranger who had heard her odd confession, and the color flew to her pale face, and she hurried out with a frigid bow, only waiting impatiently for the ticket for her goods; while Paul, much to the astonishment of the woman, who still held that precious tear-stained silk in her hand, threw his three dozen gloves upon the counter without a word, and followed after.

What passed between them in that morning walk, none but the two parties most concerned ever knew; but it must be recorded that the pink and white tie proved a miserable failure of the scouring art, and the gloves were not ready in time for the projected voyage; yet neither of their owners were greatly grieved, for the pink ribbon was exchanged for that true lover's knot which Hymen ties, and the gloves in which they were most interested were of pristine purity.

Paul still regards his little Nelly with a lover's eyes, and growing happier and younger as time goes by, often looks with a smile at the faded ribbon of our story, and vows that he owes all the bliss of his wedded years to a tear.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or at the time for which it is paid, so that if our friends do not wish to lose a single number, they should renew their subscriptions in time.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives the former as well as the present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1872.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

The Best Without Regard to Cost.

We continue to conduct the LEDGER on our established principles. We shall not change them, because we believe they are the principles of moral and social matter that can be had in the world.

All the ways of true Morality, Manners are familiar to the reader, and it is needless to repeat them here. We are not ashamed to say that we have made the LEDGER what it is by the exercise of the principles we have very just and most popular of the rising authors.

Many of the latest and best novelists from the old world will be found in the LEDGER during the coming year.

The story that a long contract binds us to a single writer, and that money, without stint, can buy, we have effectually spread before the readers of the LEDGER.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is the club rate; eight copies, $20. This club rate will be made up for as a club of eight copies, and sent to one address only, but separate copies to Postmasters and others who get up clubs, if they desire them. Specimen copies sent free to those who ask for them. Subscriptions may commence at any time. Canada subscribers must send 24 cents additional for each copy, to prepay the postage the American postage. When a draft or Post-office order can be procured, it should be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the LEDGER is 10 cents per quarter, or 40 cents per year, which must be paid in every instance, payable at the office where the paper is received.

We do not receive or recognize agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Do People Like to be Swindled?

Is a question which we have frequently asked, but people really do like to be swindled. Day after day we receive letters from persons who have sent money in response to advertisements of gift enterprises, inquiring of us how they can get their money back. They cannot get their money back at all; or, if they could, it would cost more than the money.

While people cannot recover their money, however, they should, if they can avoid sending it. They have been warned, over and over again, in the *Ledger* and in other papers, against being entrapped by such shallow pretences. But a slight change in the form of these swindlers' schemes always catches new gulls.

An auctioneer in this city used to have very extensive and frequent sales of what he advertised as old furniture. At that time, it was the fashion to prefer ancient furniture to modern. His was, in reality, all new; but, nonetheless, turned so as to resemble the old. We took occasion to remonstrate with him against the deception and dishonesty of his mode of doing business.

He laughed at us. He replied, "I have found out by experience that the people of New York like to be humbugged."

We have about come to the conclusion that the people of other places are very much as this auctioneer considered the people of New York. They must be fooled, or they will go through the very thinnest disguise, but invariably, in the end, they will find out those who they ought to know are, on the face of them, too extravagant to be true. Savings Banks have not proved as safe as they used to be, of late; but gift enterprises are a certain loss.

Deducting Shirts from a Minister's Salary.

We used to hear a story of an old lady who, in recounting what she had done for her clergyman, said, "And then, also, I made him two shirts for nothing and they fit nearsay."

According to the Rev. Dr. Parker—writing in the New York *Observer*—ladies, now-a-days, who make shirts for clergymen are not always clergymen—do not always make them for nothing. At this the venerable Doctor waxeth very wroth. He pronounces it a "wrong and outrage," and says it makes "one loath for the race of mankind"—meaning, evidently, the race of womankind. The Doctor appears to blush more easily than the ladies. His story is as follows:

"It was not in the far East, nor the far West, nor the far South, but here in New York city, that a lady, belonging to a Christian church, and most distinguished for all the graces of Christian adornment, made a present to her pastor of a number of his own shirts, which she had made with her own hands. The pastor was a young man, and the ladies of his congregation, with a generous delicacy, procured the material and made him a number of shirts, and the pastor's wife was entrusted with the task of their good feeling. He accepted the generous offering, and the lady who had made the gift received the money, less the price of the shirts, or $120.00," and the fifteen dollars was deducted from his salary!"

A Cell Bound to Draw Upward.

[Reported for the Ledger.] MARCH 14, 1872.

MR. BONNER—I wrote you some time ago about the hens I received as a gift from a friend of mine from up-rot. I would like to hear from you, and know what you have been doing with them. I am glad you are pleased with your gift, and I am sure you will be pleased with it when you see the time. You must not feed them too much, as it is of good use, lay color, and as healthy a cell as you have ever had. Let me hear from you and my gift of them soon. He has good use of hens in the State of Maine.

THOMAS MCCRAE, *Sycamore, Ill.*

Jersey Co., Ill.

We have no one for such a cell; but as one of our "religious" correspondents recently doubted whether any one had ever been converted, we send by it here, we take the liberty of suggesting that you call the attention of this fastidious critic to the text which says that "nothing only its kind begs, it is evident that every time it reverses it will have to raise itself, and in so doing it might elevate its owner.

Appropriating Things without Credit.

In a recent number of the Canadian *Home Journal*, published at Toronto, Ontario, is found not only an installment of MR. LEWIS's story, "*Mark Hilton's Luck*," but five editorial articles—all copied from the *Ledger*, without a word of credit. This makes the Canadian *Home Journal* a pretty good paper; but, could not the publishers add improve it by copying the *Ledger* entire?

The American Trotting Congress—A Different Association Wanted.

We think there is a defect in the very principle on which the Association for Promoting Trotting, of which one esteemed friend, the HON. AMASA SPRAGUE, is President, which must prove fatal to the object it has in view. This defect consists in the adoption of the old gambler's rule, not to give a horse a record for time unless a bet is depending upon the performance.

What necessary or natural connection with time has betting? Is not a horse's speed just the same whether a bet be decided by it or not? This rule of determining speed is wholly inconsistent with the spirit of the times in which we live. It is destructive of a man's character now to be known as a gambler. We believe MR. SPRAGUE employs society too thoughtlessly and permits the presence to say that he would not trust any one in a confidential, pecuniary relation, who was addicted to playing at fare, betting heavily on races, or any other species of gambling. He is anxious to promote the speed of horses. Will he not do something to discourage the practice of gambling from the obtaining of a record for a horse's speed.

Just as we were about commencing this article, our attention was attracted to a paragraph in a morning paper, giving an account of the horrible death of a man whose body had been eaten by rats during his long confinement in the street, and it was ascertained that the rats had fed on the person for which he had been tortured to extreme wash. A few years ago, this man was in the enjoyment of health. He had had fifty thousand dollars' worth of gambling within the last two years. Shrunk a skeleton, he was found unconscious in a filthy hovel.

Recently a well-known clergyman, residing at a considerable distance from this city, called to see us. He told us that he had said that he had a farm in the country when he was a young man, and that he was a lover of nature; that he had no eye open to the world he could feel not be here; for who wants to see an unnatural, artificial world? In the past as well make the same business profitable. He mentioned the beautiful flowers of his horses established and known, and he would see why it should not be established as this could not be adopted, to which betting was not necessary.

Our previous remarks will serve as a reply to those which we present here have met with a most favorable reception. We are pleased to record that nearly everybody interested in the subject is with us, and we are pleased to say that unless the American Association conform their rules to the prevailing ideas in this respect, they will be eclipsed by a new society, founded on a basis more in accordance with the times.

Too Many of Them Already.

An increase of the members of the Federal Cabinet is proposed, by the addition of a Secretary of Agriculture, to which will be added a bureau of statistics.

The office of chief, downright nonsense, as our Government shows, to neither agriculture or statistics, can be added to the duties of either farming or dry goods selling.

There are many things which the Government can attend to, and which private enterprise cannot cope with. For instance, it has official information with other governments involving matters of grave importance, and therefore requires a Secretary of State. It has to defend the country against foreign and domestic foes, and must, therefore, have a navy and navy; and hence a Secretary of War and a Secretary of the Navy are indispensable. It has to raise money to pay its way, and a Secretary of the Treasury is required. Questions of law, of vast importance, arise, and so it needs an Attorney General. It has charge of the entire postal business of the country, and therefore has a Postmaster General and clerks. It has vast quantities of public lands to dispose of, and many tribes of Indians to manage, and these duties are properly devolved upon a Secretary of the Interior.

So, too, if the Government had some thousands of acres of land to cultivate, as it might be necessary to place them under a Secretary of Agriculture. And if it had useful statistics to collect, as it has, it would become in our cities, it might be expedient to admit the Cabinet with a Secretary of Statistics. But the government has neither land to cultivate or statistics to collect, and the other offices are sufficient for the purposes for which the government was formed. Additional offices are only a means of increasing the number of corrupt officials.

Whatever comes legitimately within the scope of private enterprise is best left to be done under the stimulus of personal competition, which is the life of trade in every form whatever. Take the supplying of the city of New York with dry goods. Suppose that the ornamental dry goods business were taken out of the hands of busy jobbers and given to a Secretary of Dry Goods, to be managed without any thought of the general welfare; limited in the number of commercial travellers we want no departments foisted upon us for the purpose of collecting statistics

AT DAYBREAK.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

One little gray bird and a sentence
Hocked on a leafless spray;
The words piped merrily up and down,
And it was the break of day!
And out of my narrow window
I looked on the world so wide,
"Oh, wife is the world and desolate,
And the heavens are far and high!"

The gray bird blustered and chirped and sang,
Keeping her small heart warm;
While wild and shrill the wind rose with
Went whistling up the storm;
And the sentence grew to a song of hope,
As the sun slowly climbed past,
Slipping the silver beach of the east,
At the advent of the summoning bird.

The Morning hid her haggard face
Low under an ashen hood;
And the little gray bird, with a frightened cry,
Flew to its nest in the wood;
But the sunbeam clung like a master hand
That is loth to loose its hold,
When fate overwhelmers some well beloved,
And the summer is sere and old.

And chirping fast, in gloom and hurt,
The sleety snow and frost
Fell on the sentence, and left a robe of gold,
And the Morn laughed over:
And a glad thought brightened the weary face
Behind the latter sunset.
From the sentence's bosom a deathing heart
Drew courage and raised a song.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARTIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE HIDDEN HOME," "STRUCK BLIND," "THE CLIMBERT BAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BLUE JACK DISAPPOINTED.

The horrible day made by the savages in their attack upon the small fort completely covered the momentous that was occurring in the valley below.

If any one had heard Gay's shriek, no one heeded it in the scene presented by the onslaught of the Indians.

The men were all upon the walls, mind and body absorbed in the task of defending the small settlement. The women and children, awakened by the warwhoops and fire-balls' rain, cowered in their beds, scarcely daring to breathe.

So this fight within a fight in Mark's home, like a wheel within a wheel, went on without molestation, the larger battle being on outside awakening up all lesser sounds.

Mark Heber and the ruffian Pringle, standing in Gay's bright little kitchen, lit by the bluish red glow of the dying embers, glared at each other a moment in silence.

"I reckon," at last cried Mark, drawing his revolver, "you are one o' Jack's men, too, then? Was it this you came for?"

He fired, and the ball pierced Pringle's cheek, scoring a path through his bristling beard.

The ruffian shrieked out a wordy curse, and levelled his revolver.

But as he fired, Gay leaped toward him from behind, and threw up his arm.

He fired, as he also drew upward, finding lodgment in the beams overhead of the room.

Before Pringle could recover himself, Mark Heber sprang upon him like a cat, wound his long fingers about the fellow's thick neck, nearly strangling him.

A deadly struggle followed.

Mark Heber, from the side of the fort the Indians rang out, now thick and fast in a very few moments, and the fight was on in earnest, as the red demons charged against the great gates, or crouching further off in the darkness, fired their shots in the direction of the settlers.

The warwhoops and yells made the night hideous. A very Pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. But he was wanted to aid to defend the fort, and that his absence from his post meant danger and disaster to his friends, gave to Mark a new force of desperation.

Pringle was not less desperate, but his was the desperation of despair. He was larger and heavier than Mark, and was skilled in rough hand-to-hand fights. He threw out his left hand, and caught Mark by the throat. His steel-like fingers closed upon the young lumber-like brown in his face and drew their nearly strangling hold, and choked off a shrill cry.

With the physical advantage and experience in fighting which Pringle possessed, it became a question of but a few seconds the fight would terminate. But before Mark could be overpowered, he had also planted the fury of his arm upon the man who had cast the bone swiftly, then turned and sped toward the fort, with Gay at his heels.

The new-comer was Will Whitman. He had been sent down to the valley farther for more ammunition, and in passing the home of the Hebers had caught a glimpse of the combat going within.

Seeing Whitman's entrance for an instant diverted Mark's attention, Gay struck a light. Pringle flung off his assailant, and dashed out at the door, hurrying up the fort on the gloom, nearly overturning Whitman as he went.

Mark's face was covered with blood; his left arm dislocated in the struggle, but he breathed panting, and wiped his wet face, and looked around him. Then he seemed suddenly to remember Whitman.

In the midst of the narration the swivel gun behind forth its heavy missile of death.

"You must go, bother you, boys," cried Gay. "You are needed on the walls. I will take care of the horse. I know the ammunition you and Pringle will not come back. For my sake, boys, don't leave me!"

Will Whitman turned away on his errand. But Mark would not go until he had made the nearer shorter some white cloth and shawls, and then he hurried out to his post on the walls.

Gay locked and barred her door, and kindled over the fire on her hearth. The night was chilly, as even midsummer nights are in the West, and the heat of the burning wood and the roasting ears on the coals and wild game soon made the room warm. Then Gay drew close to the door and listened to the sounds outside with wildly beating heart and strained ears of hearing.

Mark, meanwhile, ran across the strip of open ground, climbed the ladder, and mounted the platform. In the darkness, which was now blackness itself, the combat appeared more passed unnoticed. Indeed, his identity was not known to Mark, as Mark's light step sprang on him.

"It is Will!"

"No, sir," said Mark. "It's I—Heber. I've been fighting."

"Oh, it's Heber!" said Mr. Whitman, his tone showing disappointment. "I missed you, Mark, but I suppose you had business elsewhere. I say, Heber, I'll never shoot to make of this attack. I've been down to the valley for more Indians, and they can't expect to make an impression on this stockade, much less to take us prisoners. There's something behind—some mischief."

"I see it all," cried Mark hurriedly. "I went home, you see, and found the mad Pringle in my house, in the act of robbing it. I had a fight with him. He fled, and pursued by the Sioux it all a sham. He's hanged with the Sioux. He's in with them. He's sold his soul. I believe that Blue Jack is outside, and that it is all a sham, under cover of which Pringle is to get away."

"Where is Pringle?"

"In the fort, now."

"Take half a dozen men and foil him," said Whitman. "The rest of us will keep guard." Mark hastened to obey. He summoned six around men, three from the western side of the stockade, and three from the northern, and provided with muskets, and under Mark's leadership, a search was immediately organized.

The square, with its great piles of cottonwood logs, the sheds, the houses even, were searched, but the ruffian was not to be found.

He had, in fact, made good his escape.

On rushing out from Heber's house, he had leaped the fence, and, seizing a horse with a saddle-blanket and bridle, had mounted swiftly and silently toward the little pottery gate, or door, through which he had seen the women of the fort go forth to get water from the river.

There was a guard upon this side of the fort, consisting of three, but none of them were near the door when Pringle arrived at it. He could hear their tramp upon the platform far above his head, at some distance upon either side of him.

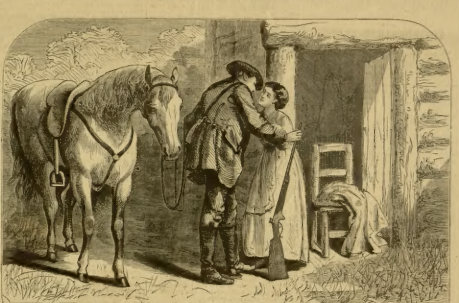
The small western door was immediately in the rear of the Heber house, and there was no one to mark the movements of the treacherous stranger, as he essayed to escape from the fort that had sheltered him. He had pushed back the fastening of the door, which was not locked, but was provided with a bar, and silently lowered the little pottery gate, or door, through which he had seen the women of the fort go forth to get water from the river.

It was pitch dark, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. He was upon the edge of the low bluff, and had to cling to the stockade to avoid being swept headlong into the river.

Throwing himself upon his hands and knees, he crept along the edge of the bluff, the wind in his teeth, now throwing himself flat upon the level sod as some fiercer gust tore past him, and now clinging to the rough logs of the stockade with all his strength.

Thus he crept around the northern side of the fort to the western, upon which side was the attacking savages.

He had no intention of being struck by a stray bullet from the guns of the fort, as he ran away from the stockade to the westward, regardless of the red light a half mile away, which gleamed like a fire-fly through the gloom.



MARK HEBER TAKING LEAVE OF GAY.

At the distance of a few yards from the stockade, and with crouching, cautious steps, he came upon a peculiar wigwam, or lodge, like a spread and pointed umbrella, without fanning.

The Indians who were yelling and dancing about the stockade howled on the instant, and Pringle's retreat retreat was cut off from the fort.

A rake of ten miles brought them to the bank of a small stream known as the Long Fork.

Here they dismounted, picketed their horses, and, with the fugitive, gathered round on the bank of the creek.

Two of the Indians were appointed by the Devil Chief to serve as sentinels. The rest, with Pringle, threw their blankets around to sleep. Pringle lay down also, and was soon asleep.

Blue Jack sat apart, upon the opposite side of the fire, and in the full glow of the flames. Here lay on the ground, a few paces from him, his eyes fixed upon his master. He was like a faithful dog, his devotion to Blue Jack being as strong and fervent as it was unaccountable.

It has been a successful night's work," said Blue Jack, in a low tone, as he saw the ruffian's head drop upon his breast, and the prowls of the girl's deserter. "Not one of my people killed, and the fort has been put back in the hen's a wedding ring—I am sure I have the right to call them so—other trinkets, a brooch perhaps, sleeve-buttons, and a watch. Indeed, I have seen with my own eyes a child's neck-lace, pendant in workmanship, with a cross of gold. Such things are worth money, and I shall claim some under the clause. And all these are the spoils of the fight, as I understand it."

He drew out the little valiant box that Pringle had stolen from Gay's trunk, and opened it, and looked at the trinkets. He seemed reluctant to open it, even while gloating over it.

Upon the top was nothing was found, but days, it had been but a cheap affair. With a sigh of regret he shut the glittering treasure up. Blue Jack forced the lock apart, and the box was open.

It was filled loosely with cotton. The cotton was pushed aside, and there appeared a brass thimble, a pincushion brooch, and the bottle of a cheap perfumery.

Blue Jack looked over these things, which he had risked so much—for which he had made a treacherous attack upon the fort—and had schemed and toiled!

His countenance, naturally by a beard, turned livid in the glare of the fire. A look of rage and hate, of fiendish disappointment, overspread his face. He was frightened, and his eyes flashed fire.

All was silent, unnoticed—hinged as if foamed the cotton upon the ground. But the Indian's rage was not long. He put and he are making the fort merry at this moment, no doubt, with the story of how they have deceived me! Two million curses! Blast the fools! Oh, that it was their blood that ran ranged this cheat. She saw me at her wagon in the morning, and knew me, and suspected my motive—saw she has hid a plan to outwit me—and has done it! Curses!"

His face was death in its rage, his clenched his hands, and shook them in the delirium of his baffled and disappointed vengeance. He seized the tiny brass thimble and finally cast it from him. Next the pincushion brooch, the bowl of the perfumery bottle, and the cotton, which he tossed into the bright blaze.

And then leaping to his feet, he crossed his arms across his breast, and stood with head bowed to and fro in the play of the firelight, his features distorted and silent, his whole mind evidently watched him furtively, in fear and trembling.

At last Blue it almost seemed as if Blue Jack had ceased to be master of himself. He looked at the sleeping Pringle, and a cruel smile of contempt curled and seething passions could, and his frightful face was full of menace and wickedness.

He began to Burke side and touched him with his foot.

Pringle lifted his head on the instant.

"Well, Cap'n?" he said.

"Is it a good time for the Sioux coming?" said Blue Jack boursely. "I am going for reinforcements. I am to bring them to the fort. I am to be rewarded for my treachery and deceit. I am to go with fire and bullet—and you are to stay. The chief of the Sioux tence of a mile or two from the fort, and you can range most about the valley with these."

The farms were to be assigned in regular quarter sections, as nearly as possible. Not less than a portion of his farm on one side of the river or the town and the other the river.

Under this system of division there was one farm for more valuable than the rest. It was nearly square, and came to the river's stockade, comprising a fine bluff and a fine wooded grove, the grass growing to the very brink.

Upon this farm was the larger portion of cotton-wood, thickly covered with a rank growth of grass, and the bluff was a rich loam, suitable to any crop in the valley.

Every settler, of course, desired to possess this farm. After the ties were duly consent, the pioneers assembled in the square, in the shadow of the block-house, to apportion the lots.

Will Whitman mounted a log and addressed the crowd in the following words:

"My friends, we have assembled on the lots in regular shape, and must draw for them. Now each, giving each farm a river front. There are none of our valuable settlers that they are nearer or further from the fort. One of these has the magnificent grove of cotton-woods upon it. It pastes me to mates the farms to this there shall be no discontent nor heart-burnings. As to the grove of cottonwoods, I propose that it be left as a public farm, and keep it as a park, and a watch for general purposes, our having as much right in it as another. What do you say?"

Mr. Brown, an elderly, vigorous, hardworking man, arose and said:

"I think," he said, "that the idea of putting the most valuable land into a public park for educational purposes is not worth our consideration. We have not the time to spare for this, some more fertile spot would be chosen. I am willing to take my chances with the rest. I propose that the farms be drawn for, and that we draw lots for them. I want a chance to win the grove, but if I fail to win it, I shall not lose my temper nor grow discontented. I shall make the best of my misfortune, and the rest, and I cannot help but succeed."

Mr. Halsey arose from a log on which he had been sitting and exclaimed:

"Here's the right, Whitman. I'm willing a park, give us each and all a chance to draw the grove farm, and no one can complain. I prefer to receive my farm by lot."

The other settlers echoed the sentiment.

It is certainly the easiest way to settle the matter," said Whitman. "Now we will draw pairs of peculiarly or fortunate lots. The village lots on which our homes are built or rented remain to their former allotment. They are not classed before building the houses. I will write down the names of the farmers, including Hopkins' son, who were aged respectively twenty and twenty-one years, and

nearly all got stock, and we can make a living in some stock. Some of the boys have had a fair grass venture. One sometimes, even if it is Peruvian wire, will bring in a crop. I got mine my stock out on the prairie, and I'll be around Austin's ranch, of course to-morrow, to bring the stock in. We have all got pigs and cows. We want shotgunned cattle. We must have our hunters to provide us with buffalo and antelope meat. We can then garner our crops when the weather the coming winter, and to-day we until next spring, if necessary.

"I'll lend a quarter to any of you for stock," said Hoover. "But when will we get it back?"

"Why, after the border in Colorado," said Whitman. "Landlord told me of a big stock ranch there, belonging to a Chicago banker, where we can get all the stock we want. Should think that across west, well armed and well mounted, could get to the Chicago Ranche in three days. Can make it in two, if we push on fast. Say it's about 200 miles to the ranche, and you reach it in two days. Then we can select the stock, and days in which to drive it home, would make us ten days. Or it would be safer to go with the next wagon train bound west, and you could return with the stock when you wish to go."

Brown, Hallsey, Amery and his eldest son, Knox Arnold and Whitman decided to go, and started to get an outfit for the trip.

As the plan was devised by Whitman, there was also another object, in addition to the seven men who were to be the agents of all the settlers. They were to go as one conveyor of a train, and to return with a train.

Each of the pioneers calculated in their own minds the amount of stock each could afford to buy, and found that a herd of twenty-five cattle, and perhaps half a dozen mules and twenty dollars, would be all they could afford to buy. Of Ray's money Mark Hallsey was to have charge, and he was well satisfied to his own. He then made out a list of the kind of stock to secure, and the price to be paid, and money that very night to Brown, who was to purchase the stock in another locality so as to be unnoticed.

The next day at noon, a large train bound westward made its noisy appearance in town. When it went on, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the train of wagons had been augmented by agents to buy stock went with it. As their fortunes would be made by the venture, the agents were expected to be absent two weeks.

Each man had his rifle and plenty of ammunition, in case of danger or attack, eight men, including the boss or conveyor of the train.

But before all the men departed, we must look at this state of affairs. The Indians had not been long enough gone for all the stock to have diminished, and the pioneers thought extremely likely that they would return, and expected that the savages had retreated in a body to the north, to the Big Horn country, and to their old haunts of the Sioux tribe.

It was their belief that the Indians within their bounds were at least fifty strong.

The diet of the settlers since leaving Leavenworth had been far better than that of any either pork or beef. They had had a few times delicious buffalo meat, and the game was a delicacy actually longed for by the men, and they had had plenty of it, and the last of it for some days.

As a measure conservative of health, it became necessary to procure a supply of fresh meat.

Upon the second day after the departure of the stock agents several antelopes were seen many miles away to the northeast, and not distant from the stockade, feeding upon the rich grass.

Mr. Whitman, standing in the open doorway of the fort, remarked to Mark Hallsey, as we pour into the room:

"If I were only a little younger," he said, "I'd like to go after those antelope. For one the sight of the shy, beautiful things fairly makes my mouth water."

Mark Hober scanned the horizon.

"I'll go, sir," he said, and, level prairies lay in the middle of him without a shadow upon them saving the antelope and the grass.

"I'll go with you, Mark," said Hallsey's daughter. "said Mark, the hunting fever seized upon him, and he ordered a pint of salt pork. "I'll bring in an antelope, sir, as the creatures are, by Jove!"

Mark's eagerness was infectious.

Hallsey and Whitman, Brown and young Hoover joined in the chase.

"Well, be off, then," said Whitman. "Don't go out of sight of the fort. We'll watch you from the platform inside the wall. Don't be rash, boys, or the Indians will bring home the antelope."

Mark hurried to his horse. Gay sat on the door-step, trying to imitate the song of the birds that were flying about her head, but her face grew graver as he took her wish to be was absorbed.

"I'll watch you from the door, Mark," she said. "I don't somehow like to think of your killing those pretty creatures, but I suppose I always eat pork. Then I'll be out long, Mark. I hope you'll succeed soon."

Nervous, and yet singing like a bobolink, Gay stood in the door-way a little while.

"I wonder if Mr. Jack didn't think so when he came home from the hunt," she said to her young dog on your finger at this very moment, Mark."

"Yes," laughed Gay, "and my mother's locked in on my own baby-sucking around my body inside my dress. He, he, he! I'll have to be going in the morning if he means to get ahead of me. I have only one regret, Mark, that I couldn't know that Miss Jack would prove to be a bad husband, and that you would see. I put that brass and pewter in the trunk, and I'm sorry I did not keep it out. I've not taken them out of the box since because I have worn the jewelry day and night on my person, but if I'd known that Miss Jack was going to send for the box, I'd have put it in expressly and given it to her. To Mister Miss Jack, with my Hober's compliments. Get up and shoot, you lazy dog! Don't be have been mad!"

The dog would have been mad as it was," said Mark, "if it could have understood the spirit of those words, and his bones are pewter. But I must be off. You'll have my supply before me."

He was off, got his ride and ammunition. The horse he had borrowed for the occasion was tested in his speed, and found a fleeting good-boy, and rode out into the square. The others, also mounted, were ready to go with him.

In the excess of spirits, the little hunting expedition of four persons set out from the fort.

And then came the first surprise the whole extent of the stockade but four persons. Whitman and three men.

Those four mounted the platform, and looked out hastily.

The antelopes were not found an easy prey. They scented danger from the very moment of hunters, and fled like the wind for brief distances, and then stopped and looked back, as if to listen to some quite near them. But the wind was in the direction of the fort, and the sound of the shots did not reach the ears of the hunters, and a quiet had taken effect on horse's hoof.

The antelopes were not found an easy prey. They scented danger from the very moment of hunters, and fled like the wind for brief distances, and then stopped and looked back, as if to listen to some quite near them. But the wind was in the direction of the fort, and the sound of the shots did not reach the ears of the hunters, and a quiet had taken effect on horse's hoof.

The antelope ranged for the grove with dangerous speed.

Mark spurred after her, full of hunter's fire.

The antelope gained the wood, and plunged into it. Mark followed, and was lost to sight.

Gay on his horse rode into the chilling shadows of the trees not many minutes after.

He was in the very midst of the grove, when suddenly seven Indians started up in front of him, behind him, and on either side of him, a full dozen of painted savages of the Sioux tribe, with Big Bear, Black Bear, Mark's known and revengeful enemy.

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes!" said Mark, in a low, hoarse voice. "I'll have the border in Colorado," said Whitman. "Landlord told me of a big stock ranch there, belonging to a Chicago banker, where we can get all the stock we want. Should think that across west, well armed and well mounted, could get to the Chicago Ranche in three days. Can make it in two, if we push on fast. Say it's about 200 miles to the ranche, and you reach it in two days. Then we can select the stock, and days in which to drive it home, would make us ten days. Or it would be safer to go with the next wagon train bound west, and you could return with the stock when you wish to go."

Brown, Hallsey, Amery and his eldest son, Knox Arnold and Whitman decided to go, and started to get an outfit for the trip.

As the plan was devised by Whitman, there was also another object, in addition to the seven men who were to be the agents of all the settlers. They were to go as one conveyor of a train, and to return with a train.

Each of the pioneers calculated in their own minds the amount of stock each could afford to buy, and found that a herd of twenty-five cattle, and perhaps half a dozen mules and twenty dollars, would be all they could afford to buy. Of Ray's money Mark Hallsey was to have charge, and he was well satisfied to his own. He then made out a list of the kind of stock to secure, and the price to be paid, and money that very night to Brown, who was to purchase the stock in another locality so as to be unnoticed.

The next day at noon, a large train bound westward made its noisy appearance in town. When it went on, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the train of wagons had been augmented by agents to buy stock went with it. As their fortunes would be made by the venture, the agents were expected to be absent two weeks.

Each man had his rifle and plenty of ammunition, in case of danger or attack, eight men, including the boss or conveyor of the train.

But before all the men departed, we must look at this state of affairs. The Indians had not been long enough gone for all the stock to have diminished, and the pioneers thought extremely likely that they would return, and expected that the savages had retreated in a body to the north, to the Big Horn country, and to their old haunts of the Sioux tribe.

It was their belief that the Indians within their bounds were at least fifty strong.

The diet of the settlers since leaving Leavenworth had been far better than that of any either pork or beef. They had had a few times delicious buffalo meat, and the game was a delicacy actually longed for by the men, and they had had plenty of it, and the last of it for some days.

As a measure conservative of health, it became necessary to procure a supply of fresh meat.

Upon the second day after the departure of the stock agents several antelopes were seen many miles away to the northeast, and not distant from the stockade, feeding upon the rich grass.

Mr. Whitman, standing in the open doorway of the fort, remarked to Mark Hallsey, as we pour into the room:

"If I were only a little younger," he said, "I'd like to go after those antelope. For one the sight of the shy, beautiful things fairly makes my mouth water."

Mark Hober scanned the horizon.

"I'll go, sir," he said, and, level prairies lay in the middle of him without a shadow upon them saving the antelope and the grass.

"I'll go with you, Mark," said Hallsey's daughter. "said Mark, the hunting fever seized upon him, and he ordered a pint of salt pork. "I'll bring in an antelope, sir, as the creatures are, by Jove!"

Mark's eagerness was infectious.

Hallsey and Whitman, Brown and young Hoover joined in the chase.

"Well, be off, then," said Whitman. "Don't go out of sight of the fort. We'll watch you from the platform inside the wall. Don't be rash, boys, or the Indians will bring home the antelope."

Mark hurried to his horse. Gay sat on the door-step, trying to imitate the song of the birds that were flying about her head, but her face grew graver as he took her wish to be was absorbed.

"I'll watch you from the door, Mark," she said. "I don't somehow like to think of your killing those pretty creatures, but I suppose I always eat pork. Then I'll be out long, Mark. I hope you'll succeed soon."

Nervous, and yet singing like a bobolink, Gay stood in the door-way a little while.

"I wonder if Mr. Jack didn't think so when he came home from the hunt," she said to her young dog on your finger at this very moment, Mark."

"Yes," laughed Gay, "and my mother's locked in on my own baby-sucking around my body inside my dress. He, he, he! I'll have to be going in the morning if he means to get ahead of me. I have only one regret, Mark, that I couldn't know that Miss Jack would prove to be a bad husband, and that you would see. I put that brass and pewter in the trunk, and I'm sorry I did not keep it out. I've not taken them out of the box since because I have worn the jewelry day and night on my person, but if I'd known that Miss Jack was going to send for the box, I'd have put it in expressly and given it to her. To Mister Miss Jack, with my Hober's compliments. Get up and shoot, you lazy dog! Don't be have been mad!"

The dog would have been mad as it was," said Mark, "if it could have understood the spirit of those words, and his bones are pewter. But I must be off. You'll have my supply before me."

He was off, got his ride and ammunition. The horse he had borrowed for the occasion was tested in his speed, and found a fleeting good-boy, and rode out into the square. The others, also mounted, were ready to go with him.

In the excess of spirits, the little hunting expedition of four persons set out from the fort.

And then came the first surprise the whole extent of the stockade but four persons. Whitman and three men.

Those four mounted the platform, and looked out hastily

THE OLD STAGECOACH.
BY CALEB DUNN.

Up through the village street I hear
The stagecoach coming fast,
And out in the sky, in sharp silhouette,
The driver blows his blast!
Tallyho!
And the horses stitch as they shorten the way
That leads to the inn where the echoes say,
Tallyho!

From every window bright eyes gleam,
And many a face is red,
Maids sway a form and many a dream
Of the one who comes ahead.
Tallyho!
Then the driver's whip as the stage-coach goes
Up the street with a flourish of joys and woes
Tallyho!

At the tavern arch a hundred wait
The coming of the coach,
And from the throng the gate
Of the landlord's daughter approach.
Tallyho!
For the driver's horn has many hearts forlorn,
Bringing a woe or sorrow and grief now-borne
Tallyho!

But joy may come with the old-time stage,
And sunshine may enter many an age
Who 'ne'ertred at the village inn.
Then blow, driver, blow
Tallyho! tallyho!
And then the cry of the driver may fly
Through time as a token of greatest sigh—
Tallyho!

But whether good or whether ill
The things be it brings,
The driver's horn is coming still,
And it heralds many things.
Tallyho! tallyho!
For the stage is a herd who the city beyond,
Where dwelleth so many of the loved and fond
Tallyho!

A DARING GAME;

OR,

Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE SECRET OF THE CASTLE," "THE BEAUTY OF SIS-SARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PUZZLE OF NEVA'S WHEREABOUTS.

On getting to the house Sir John Preise and Mr. Atkins to engage in the search for Neva Wynde, who had so mysteriously disappeared, but Mrs. Craven held up her hands in horror at the idea of his going forward in this manner without delay and all letters that might arrive to the address of the young Earl. But no one else prosecuted his researches with desperate energy. Lord Towyn's letter created by every post some news from his young betrothed.

The two guardians of Neva Wynde were sadly puzzled and thoroughly alarmed, but Sir Nevia's grief was the greatest by far by themselves. Mr. Atkins congratulated to the housekeeper on the improbability that any newspapers be permitted to reach the strange story.

"We shall do as well as any detectives," said the attorney, "and if there is any game afoot, we will not let them make sport of our work in it upon the sand."

William Bell and John Preise dined previously. "The thing is mysterious, Mr. Atkins," said the latter, "and I am inclined to apply to Miss Wynde's guardian, Lady Min Wynde, may have fallen ill on the way to Wynde Knight, or in the air of the sea may have been changed. In fact, one of these theories must be true, and we must act upon them accordingly." Mr. Atkins agreed to the proposition, and Sir John Preise went on to the beautiful inn which was the wife of our friend Sir Harold Wynde, and who was married and started for the continent, entrusted her the sole personal guardian of the beloved daughter."

"And who so appreciated her husband's love and noble qualities as Mrs. Craven herself. Mr. Atkins was pleased with the housekeeper's manner, and that the bridal party would not come north that season. Therefore all the newly engaged servants to be dismissed, and he began to write a letter.

Atkins signed as he received the letter to the housekeeper's address.

"We are which although I am a bald, he said, "and now we must hasten back to London. If you have not been broken down enough to draw on a line at my address. There my card. But it will be better to hear from Mrs. Black before we do."

The visitors left the housekeeper good-morning, and hurried back to the railway station in their carriage with the pleasurable anticipation of seeing their way to London.

"I am going to Ostend, sir, in England," said Atkins musingly to himself as he hurried down the line to the southward, "it would be like the Blacks, if they had planned an affect, to make for the Continent. Our next train is to make for Ostend, by the time we get the railway stations."

They arrived in London in the morning, and listened to the Laughan hotel, where they had an interview with Mrs. Black, whose face was looking worn and ill under all the sunshine of the summer day. The housekeeper recited the day to visitors, and then hurried away to stations and offices of the Continental boats. Mr. Atkins and Sir John Preise had a hurried meal in cock, and toward evening learned from the steward of an Ostend boat that a lady such as was described, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, had crossed the channel to Ostend at about the time indicated by Atkins. Mrs. Black and Mr. Atkins, Sir John Preise breathed Sir John.

"Then we will start for Ostend by way of Dover and Calais," said Atkins, in a hurry, all color and impatience.

Atkins drew out a gold sovereign, which he held tantalizingly before the eyes of the steward.

"Answer a few more questions," said the attorney, "and this sovereign is yours. Describe the gentleman who accompanied the two ladies."

The steward hesitated, eyeing the coin with a longing look.

He was tall and dark, with a scar, I will be said slowly, as if fearing the description would not suit his interlocutor. And he was dressed in black."

"That would describe Craven Black well enough," murmured Sir John.

"The ladies talked in continued Atkins. How did they look?"

"One was much more older than the other and was dark, with a heavy veil. The younger lady had lighter hair. They were both young and handsome. The gentleman was very much the gentleman were newly married," said the steward, "they were not dressed to have your pardon."

"There is no doubt we are on the right track," cried Sir John, in a tone of relief.

Atkins paid the steward the promised sovereign, and led the way ashore and to the railway station.

To the London and Dover train.

The gentlemen entered the vehicle and hastened back to the metropolis. Atkins was very thoughtful and silent during the journey, and as they drew up at the station, he said:

"We are tired, Lord Towyn, and must have rest. I propose that we sleep here tonight, and go on to Dover and Ostend in the morning. I know how accustomed you are to early rise, but we must not overtask our strength. You look quite worn out."

"I am not anxious for rest," said the young Earl, with a sigh, "but I am, Mr. Atkins, but will wait till morning as you counsel."

The three gentlemen ascended to their private parlor which they shared in common. As they entered the room, a man who was standing at one of the windows, looking out, turned and came forward to meet them.

He was the steward of Lord Towyn's marine palace.

"You here, Sevell!" exclaimed the young Earl. "Is anything the matter?"

The steward, an elderly man, with a rugged countenance, as guarded as an old oak, yet full of kind warmth, shook his head in reply and said:

"There's nothing wrong, my lord; but you ordered my letters to be sent to you, and knowing how anxious you were, I feared the letter might miss, and hastened to you. Thought it myself."

A letter" cried the three gentlemen in chorus, having no thought of my letter save from the one they were in search of.

"Yes, my lord," said, and that's why I brought it."

The steward drew from his pocket from it a small square envelope, daintily addressed and passed it.

The young Earl uttered a cry of joy, recognizing the handwriting at once.

It is from Neva!" he ejaculated.

He turned with it to a window, turning his back on his friends, and torn open the envelope, and began to read the new letter.

"Let the steward serve," said Sir John Preise, "and we stood aside."

"We are on the right track then," said Atkins exultingly.

The young Earl perused his letter with a glad heart.

It was very tender and very sweet, full of love and confidence, and the young man's face looked such a letter as only a woman could write to the man she loved, and who returned her regard.

Lord Towyn's face lighted with a joyful delight that distinguished Neva, and it seemed a lofty hill crowned with a beautiful, if not spreading villa, built after the Italian style, and having long projecting eaves. The grounds around the villa, a landscape gardener, and the whole was a picture of beauty.

The steward, seeing that he was not wanted, left the room, and the carriage passed on slowly for distillation.

An old housekeeper, a Yorkshire woman, with a bright face and quiet manners, and with but little of the canal Yorkshire burr in her speech, came to the door courtesying with a long delay, and peeped out at them with apparent timidity.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said the lawyer, raising his hat respectfully, "we are in search of Mrs. Craven Black, and Mrs. Craven Black."

"Will you show us that letter?" demanded the lawyer. "We are the guardians of Neva Wynde's estate, and find it necessary to see that letter, and to find the writer."

The housekeeper rummaged with the letter. Lord Towyn put up Mr. Atkins's card he had been written by Mrs. Craven Black, and was to the effect that she had changed her mind, and that the bridal party would not come north that season, and therefore all the newly engaged servants to be dismissed, and he begged to be excused.

Atkins signed as he received the letter to the housekeeper.

"We are which although I am a bald, he said, "and now we must hasten back to London. If you have not been broken down enough to draw on a line at my address. There my card. But it will be better to hear from Mrs. Black before we do."

The visitors left the housekeeper good-morning, and hurried back to the railway station in their carriage with the pleasurable anticipation of seeing their way to London.

"I am going to Ostend, sir, in England," said Atkins musingly to himself as he hurried down the line to the southward, "it would be like the Blacks, if they had planned an affect, to make for the Continent. Our next train is to make for Ostend, by the time we get the railway stations."

They arrived in London in the morning, and listened to the Laughan hotel, where they had an interview with Mrs. Black, whose face was looking worn and ill under all the sunshine of the summer day. The housekeeper recited the day to visitors, and then hurried away to stations and offices of the Continental boats. Mr. Atkins and Sir John Preise had a hurried meal in cock, and toward evening learned from the steward of an Ostend boat that a lady such as was described, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, had crossed the channel to Ostend at about the time indicated by Atkins. Mrs. Black and Mr. Atkins, Sir John Preise breathed Sir John.

"Then we will start for Ostend by way of Dover and Calais," said Atkins, in a hurry, all color and impatience.

Atkins drew out a gold sovereign, which he held tantalizingly before the eyes of the steward.

"Answer a few more questions," said the attorney, "and this sovereign is yours. Describe the gentleman who accompanied the two ladies."

The steward hesitated, eyeing the coin with a longing look.

He was tall and dark, with a scar, I will be said slowly, as if fearing the description would not suit his interlocutor. And he was dressed in black."

"That would describe Craven Black well enough," murmured Sir John.

"The ladies talked in continued Atkins. How did they look?"

"One was much more older than the other and was dark, with a heavy veil. The younger lady had lighter hair. They were both young and handsome. The gentleman was very much the gentleman were newly married," said the steward, "they were not dressed to have your pardon."

"There is no doubt we are on the right track," cried Sir John, in a tone of relief.

Atkins paid the steward the promised sovereign, and led the way ashore and to the railway station.

To the London and Dover train.

The gentlemen entered the vehicle and hastened back to the metropolis. Atkins was very thoughtful and silent during the journey, and as they drew up at the station, he said:

"We are tired, Lord Towyn, and must have rest. I propose that we sleep here tonight, and go on to Dover and Ostend in the morning. I know how accustomed you are to early rise, but we must not overtask our strength. You look quite worn out."

"I am not anxious for rest," said the young Earl, with a sigh, "but I am, Mr. Atkins, but will wait till morning as you counsel."

The three gentlemen ascended to their private parlor which they shared in common. As they entered the room, a man who was standing at one of the windows, looking out, turned and came forward to meet them.

He was the steward of Lord Towyn's marine palace.

"You here, Sevell!" exclaimed the young Earl. "Is anything the matter?"

The steward, an elderly man, with a rugged countenance, as guarded as an old oak, yet full of kind warmth, shook his head in reply and said:

"There's nothing wrong, my lord; but you ordered my letters to be sent to you, and knowing how anxious you were, I feared the letter might miss, and hastened to you. Thought it myself."

A letter" cried the three gentlemen in chorus, having no thought of my letter save from the one they were in search of.

"Yes, my lord," said, and that's why I brought it."

The steward drew from his pocket from it a small square envelope, daintily addressed and passed it.

The young Earl uttered a cry of joy, recognizing the handwriting at once.

It is from Neva!" he ejaculated.

He turned with it to a window, turning his back on his friends, and torn open the envelope, and began to read the new letter.

Let the steward serve," said Sir John, and we stood aside."

"We are on the right track then," said Atkins exultingly.

The young Earl perused his letter with a glad heart.

It was very tender and very sweet, full of love and confidence, and the young man's face looked such a letter as only a woman could write to the man she loved, and who returned her regard.

Lord Towyn's face lighted with a joyful delight that distinguished Neva, and it seemed a lofty hill crowned with a beautiful, if not spreading villa, built after the Italian style, and having long projecting eaves. The grounds around the villa, a landscape gardener, and the whole was a picture of beauty.

The steward, seeing that he was not wanted, left the room, and the carriage passed on slowly for distillation.

An old housekeeper, a Yorkshire woman, with a bright face and quiet manners, and with but little of the canal Yorkshire burr in her speech, came to the door courtesying with a long delay, and peeped out at them with apparent timidity.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said the lawyer, raising his hat respectfully, "we are in search of Mrs. Craven Black, and Mrs. Craven Black."

"Will you show us that letter?" demanded the lawyer. "We are the guardians of Neva Wynde's estate, and find it necessary to see that letter, and to find the writer."

The housekeeper rummaged with the letter. Lord Towyn put up Mr. Atkins's card he had been written by Mrs. Craven Black, and was to the effect that she had changed her mind, and that the bridal party would not come north that season, and therefore all the newly engaged servants to be dismissed, and he begged to be excused.

Atkins signed as he received the letter to the housekeeper's address

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

[F]IFTY YEARS.

BY [illegible] THOMAS.

[illegible] [re]member, David,
This was our wedding-day!
We two, who [illegible] so old [illegible] now,
Were then both young and gay.

'Tis fifty years ago, love;
I was but seventeen—
A simple, rustic maiden,
But happy as a queen.

Our home has been a happy one,
But one thing was denied;
The boon for which, like Hannah,
Unto the Lord I cried.

But from His poor, who through the street
Unpitied oft do roam,
We singled out a boy and girl,
And took them to our home.

The boy was [illegible], bold and bright,
The girl was sweet and fair;
I lavished on them, day by day,
All a fond mother's care.

The lad had seen six summers,
The girl was turned of four;
We sent them to the village school,
To learn its humble lore.

They mastered all their teachers knew;
How proud we were, you know,
When John could read and write and spell,
And Sue could knit and sew.

They grew to youth and maidenhood,
And left the village school;
We thanked the Lord for His rich gifts,
And deemed our cup was full.

Our John grew tall and stalwart,
And longed to sail the sea;
And when we pleaded with him,
Grew strange to you and me.

The lad was not our flesh and blood,
We could not say him "Nay!"
Somehow he always had a knack
Of having his own way.

With breaking hearts, poor Sue and I
His shirts and [illegible] made,
And on the pile, when neatly done,
His little Bible laid.

Gay, joyous letters came at first,
Such as a boy would write,
And then a gloom of silence fell
Upon our hearts like night.

We learned at last—ah me!—we learned
What fate our boy befell;
How his ship went down off Hatteras
A comrade's pen did tell.

Poor Sue! what could I do or say?
She neither spoke nor stirred,
But gazed on me with vacant eyes,
As if she heard no word.

I had not dreamed she loved the boy
Save with a sister's love;
I hushed my own wild grief to soothe
My stricken, wounded dove.

But the white face on the pillow
Grew whiter each sad day—
A lily, broken on its stem,
She drooped and pined away.

We've none to lean on now, David,
Our lot seems sad and lone;
But still, through grace, we both can say,
"Thy will, O Lord, be done."

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The train was due, but it had not arrived yet. Twelve of us waited in the station with our carpet bags. Twelve men, dusty, weary, travel-stained, and not a woman among us. Eleven o'clock at night was the time, the weather gusty and the night dark. The station lay in a lonely spot of New Jersey, in a maze of interlaced tracks. There was nothing to eat and nothing to drink to be had there, and no time to search for it elsewhere.

"Haven't starved so since I was on the jury in the Fribble murder case," said a short passenger in a pea-jacket.

"Good time for the Jerseyites to murder some one now," said a tall man, with a great hamper and some fishing tackle by way of luggage. "Here's a jury ready—twelve on us."

"No there an't," cried a big man in a big white overcoat. "Count me out—only eleven of you. Wouldn't sit on a jury in a case of life and death. Wouldn't bring in a verdict of guilty if ten men had seen the deed done. Be hung myself first. Nothing is any proof."

"Reckon you don't hold to capital punishment," said the other.

"Don't believe any of the evidence," said white overcoat. "Why, man alive, I might have been hung myself, on the very best evidence, twenty years ago. I know what it's worth."

"You didn't do it then?" asked a very little old man, with no hair to speak of, and ears like an elephant's.

"You'd have sworn I did," said white overcoat, in nowise offended by the question. "So would Norris and Todd and Jacquin. I was a young fellow in a wholesale grocery then, just twenty; big for my age; horrible temper—awful fool—all boys of that age are."

"Extremely civil, certainly," remarked a boy of that age, who was warming his back at the stove. Nobody took any notice of him.

"Liked the girls," said white overcoat; "like 'em still, but not such a spoon as I used to be. I was very good looking, but Jacquin was handsomer, and Tilly Sparks said so. Her cousin told me that she did, any how; and as I'd been paying attention to her for three months, it wasn't pleasant to hear that on the very night when Tilly went off to church with Jacquin, and never so much as sent an apology to me; knowing, as she did, that I called regularly to take her every Sunday night.

"'It's a shame, Thomas,' said the cousin, a young married lady that she lived with. 'I scolded her for it, but she laughed at me. "Jacquin is twenty times handsomer than Tom," says she, "and if I like a change, why shouldn't I have it?" And that's the truth, Thomas.'

"'Well,' says I, 'no doubt it is, and girls are girls. Let Tilly do as she chooses; but as for Jacquin, I'll spoil his beauty for him.'

"'Oh, no, you won't do anything desperate,' says she.

"'But I will,' says I, meaning it at the moment. 'Just wait. You'll hear something to-morrow.'

"With that I went off in a fury, meaning to thrash Jacquin next day. I hadn't a thought of cutting his throat, but I meant to give him two black eyes and a bloody nose, if I got the opportunity.

"Going home I met Todd.

"'What's the matter, Thomas?' says he.

"Thomas Thomas is my name.

"'If it isn't the moonlight, you're as white as powdered sugar.'

"'I'm white with rage, I suppose,' says I.

"'What about?' says he.

"'You'll see,' says I. 'Jacquin will see to-morrow. Jacquin is a contemptible jackanapes,' says I.

"'I reckon you're jealous,' said Todd. 'Look here. What's she to me? One gal is as good as another. I saw him sitting with his arm round her waist in the back pew—*that's* how I know. Never you mind.'

"'I *don't* mind,' says I. 'A girl that can do as she's doing is too despicable; but I'll *murder* Jacquin.'

"And off I went, in a greater rage than ever—along the street, up to my room, locked in. Then off with my boots, one against one wall, and one against the other, and out with it all. Read the form of excommunication if you want to know what I said about Jacquin.

"'Should think you'd be afraid to go to bed talkin' so,' said somebody, when I shut up at last.

"I looked around. There was Norris in bed; home, sick with a cold. I roomed with him. He was a good young man from Boston. All the good young men do come from there. He taught Sunday-school, and distributed tracts, and wanted to be a minister, only circumstances hadn't permitted.

"'I couldn't close my eyes,' said Norris, 'if I'd talked like that. You've mentioned the Evil One fourteen times, and you've spoken of the lake of fire and brimstone eighteen times. You've gone through the bones and [f]ixtures that Jacquin is composed of like an anatomical work, and you've cussed 'em all separately, and you've threatened his life. Now, Thomas Thomas, you know you couldn't give life to so much as a—a—one of them,' and he pointed with his long lean finger to a flat red insect airing himself on the bed-quilt. 'Yet you talk of taking it from a feller-bein'. You—'

"'Hold your tongue,' yelled I. 'You an't ordained yet. Nobody is compelled to hear you preach until you are. I'll talk as I choose.'

"'That's contemptible of you,' said Norris; 'but I'm goin' to forgive you. If father had died worth money, I should have been in the pulpit now.'

"'Wish you were,' says I.

"'No matter,' says Norris. 'It's my duty to forgive. Jest hist the lid of my trunk, and you'll find a tract or two suitable to your present frame of mind. You—'

"'Hold your tongue, or I'll souse you,' says I, flourishing the water jug.

"At this he tucked his tow-colored head under the sheet, and I put out the light and turned into my own bed; but I couldn't go to sleep, I was in such a tremendous rage. I lay there thinking and thinking, as if I'd been a machine made to turn out thoughts by the bushel. Throb, throb went my head; rub-a-dub-dub went my heart. But you know how it is yourself, I suppose, when you are in love and jealous."

The gentleman in the white coat looked straight at the boy of twenty as he spoke. The boy blushed, and said, "Yes, sir," very sheepishly.

"I thought," continued Thomas Thomas, Esq., "how gloriously I could give it to Jacquin. One, two, three—smash! One, two, three—crash! Down with him, and all that, you know. I thought I should like to break his nose and gouge his eyes, and leave marks on him for good. After a while I thought how I'd like to have a loaded pistol. *Then* I remembered that I had one. It didn't belong to me—I was keeping it for a friend. I had it in a bureau drawer—"

"Are you *sure* you didn't do it?" asked the little old man again.

Thomas Thomas went on as though the other had not spoken.

"Norris hadn't called to me as I went out of the room, so I suppose he hadn't heard me; but there I was in the street with the pistol in my breast pocket. It was not late yet—only ten. If Jacquin had been so greatly encouraged by Tilly Sparks, no doubt he was with her yet, courting her in the little parlor where I— Ah, well, no matter. I took my way toward that well-remembered door. I stood behind the lamp post on the corner, and took a peep. My suspicions were correct. He *had* been in, and was just bidding Tilly good-bye. I saw him squeeze her hand, and then I saw him kiss her.

"'By bye,' said Tilly, shrill and sweet, in the door-way.

"And the door shut, and on he came toward me, whistling as if he'd swallowed a canary-bird. And behind him, from under a porch where he'd been hiding, came a man—a great rough brute of a fellow—creeping, creeping on his track. They were opposite my lamp post, and I saw the fellow draw a pistol from his pocket and take aim straight at Jacquin's head. I forgot all my own rage then.

"'My God! Jacquin, take care of yourself!' I cried.

"And there was the report of a pistol, and I saw him before me flat on his face. The murderer rushed down the street, and I knelt beside him. Blood streamed from his temples all over my clothes, all over my hands.

"'Speak to me, Jacquin!' I cried.

"And then a hand came down on my shoulder, and I turned. A policeman stood there, and beside him stood Norris, with his head wrapped up in a tippet.

"'I knew where your angry passions would lead you,' said he. 'And, in spite of my cold, I followed. I'm very sorry for you, Thomas.'

"I don't know much more of that night, nor of the next day. I knew then that Jacquin was dead, and that I was supposed to have murdered him. No one believed my story of the man who had followed him. My hands were covered with his blood, and there were three witnesses—Todd, Norris and Tilly's cousin—to attest to the fact that I had threatened Jacquin's life. In fact the evidence was all against me. They didn't seem to take ten minutes to decide on the verdict, 'guilty.' Sentence of death was pronounced upon me by the judge, in less time than I can tell you of it.

"What had I to say for myself? Why, only that I was innocent. And who could believe that?"

"Too! too! too!" shrieked the engine whistle along the road.

"Train coming," cried the station-master; "don't stop a minute."

"But, good gracious," screamed the little old man, "how *did* it end?"

"Convicted murderer!" said the man with a white coat. "Sentenced to be hung next Friday. Gallows built; clergyman with me; letter to mother; letter to Tilly; black cap on; bell tolling ding dong, ding dong; out on the platform; crowd looking; last dying speech—"

"Too-o-o-o-ooo-oo-o-ooo," shrieked the engine.

"Passengers for Squiddlededink," yelled the voice at the door.

"My gracious!" screamed the little man, "*what* saved you?"

"Woke up," said Thomas Thomas, Esq. "Woke up then. Found myself in bed. Hadn't got up at all; pistol safe in the drawer. Norris snoring in the next bed. All a dream."

"A dream!" cried the little old man. "You ought be ashamed of yourself, sir."

And the train was off for Squiddlededink.

"Never touched Jacquin," said the story-teller, over his shoulder. "He married Tilly. *She* combed his hair for him. Good-bye, gentlemen." And he was off.

—To most men, experience is like the stern light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.

UNREWARDED PATRIOTISM.

Solon Spriggles, faded sadly from the sprightly Spriggles of other years, was before the Municipal Court last week under charge of drunkenness. The Judge asked him if he had anything to say for himself, upon which Spriggles, holding on upon the rail before him for support, delivered himself as follows:—

"Your Honor, I *have* got something to say. I'd like to ask you who's the best citizen—him as supports government, or him as doesn't?

"You'll say, him as does, of course. Don't I support government? Don't every man that drinks support government, if he lickers at a house that pays license? Every blessed drop of licker he drinks there is taxed to keep the wheels of government agoin'. S'pose we was to quit drinkin'—why, government would go under. Whar would yer internal revenue come from?—Whar, I ask! Internal Revenue is the life of government, and that's why I drink.

"I don't *like* rum,—I mortally hates it. If I follered my own tastes and inclinations I'd rather drink butter-milk, or spruce beer, or ginger-pop. But as it is, I drinks for the good of my country, to set an example of patriotism and wirtue, and self-denial to the risin' generation.

"I hope yer Honor'll consider these things, and not be too hard on a poor citizen like me."

His Honor was visibly affected; and Spriggles was let off with fine and costs. C.

SCIENCE.

The proposition to use the poison of various animals for medicinal purposes is being advocated by several French physicians. Intermittent neuralgia is said to have been cured by the application of wasps' stings, in a case under the care of one M. Cochot; and if we may believe the report of another doctor, the bite of a viper completely removed symptoms of heart disease, and left the patient apparently well. The account of the death of a negro in Brazil who allowed himself to be bitten by a venomous serpent, under the belief that he could thereby cure elephantiasis, from which he was suffering, lends much emphasis to the suggestion of the *Academy* that great caution should be observed in these experiments.

Some consternation appears to have been caused by the assertion of a certain Swiss astronomer, that in August next a collision is to occur between a comet and the planet on which we live. Should this prove to be true, our past experience does not forbode any very evil consequence to the earth; for, according to Professor J. R. Hind, a man whose opinions carry the weight of authority, "It appears not only possible, but even probable, that in the course of June 30, 1861, the earth passed through the tail of the comet—that is, the great comet of that year—at a distance of perhaps two thirds of its length from the nucleus."

The German botanist and explorer, Dr. Schweinfurth, has just returned from a long and difficult journey in Central Africa, during which he travelled through that part of the region west of the Upper Nile formerly visited by Petherick, as well as through some districts hitherto untrodden by Europeans. He had the serious misfortune to lose most of his drawings, nearly all the plants which he had collected, and every one of his instruments of reckoning, some time before the completion of his trip; and for some months he counted every step of his route, in order to make an accurate map.

A recent accident in France shows that a certain degree of danger attends the use of copper gas pipes, although we believe that such pipes are seldom employed in this country or in England. An explosion, by which a mechanic was severely burned, occurred while he was engaged in filing through the pipe, the interior of which was subsequently found to be lined with an acetate of copper which explodes at a temperature of 203 degrees or over.

The experience of the Germans with the various sorts of torpedoes which they employed for coast protection during the late war with the French, establishes the superiority of the electric torpedoes, fired by magnetic batteries on shore, over those which were arranged to explode upon contact with the enemy's ships. The latter were exceedingly liable to premature explosion while being placed in position.

Professor James D. Dana, the well-known geologist of Yale College, has been awarded the Wollaston Medal for the current year by the Geological Society of London; and the Royal Astronomical Society also confers its honors upon a foreigner in Prof. Schiaparelli, who has received its medal in recognition of his demonstration that the orbits of certain comets and meteor systems are identical.

It is an interesting fact that with the exception of one bird, the red grouse, and one species of orchid, (*spiranthes*,) Great Britain has no animals or plants peculiar to herself. As is the case with almost all islands at so short a distance from the mainland, the British fauna and flora correspond with those of the Continent—except, of course, in the two particulars just mentioned.

A method of preparing artificial fuel from coal dust has been invented by a resident of Philadelphia, and is favorably reported upon by a committee of the Franklin Institute, in that city, who examined the process at the request of the inventor. It is asserted that the cost of manufacture will not exceed one dollar per ton.

The domestic turkey, according to Mr. J. A. Allen, was introduced into Europe in the year 1524, or thereabouts, from Mexico, and was subsequently brought to the United States with the other domestic animals from Europe, about a century later.

A balloon ascent, under the direction of M. Dupuy de Lôme, was made from Paris on the 2d of February last, and an attempt to guide the balloon, by means of a steering apparatus attached to it, was partially successful.

The British naval authorities have declined to allow Lieutenant Dawson, of the Livingstone Relief Expedition, his full pay while absent in Africa on the humane service of affording succor to England's greatest explorer.

Owing to unpleasant weather at the astronomical station selected for the observation of the December solar eclipse in Australia, the expedition sent out from Europe to that continent was not successful.

A new species of rat indigenous in New Zealand has been discovered there, and is described in the latest publication of the prosperous scientific society which exists in that country.

A new species of green woodpecker has just been discovered in the south of Spain.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CUBANO (New York) says: "Having been a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, I beg leave to address you to-day on a subject of importance, on which I desire your views and advice. For almost six months I have visited the house of a friend, with whose daughter, a charming young lady, I became very intimate, and I must confess I began to love her with my whole heart and soul. On two occasions, when I thought I had not met with the usual kind treatment at her hands, I ceased my visits, and sent her two brief, but courteous notes, explaining my conduct. Matters were again set right between us, and I resumed my visits at the house of my friend. I was under the impression, in fact at times I felt sure that my love for the young lady was appreciated and reciprocated. From impressions, however, I was led to believe that I was sadly disappointed, and my course of action was plain before me. I began to feel miserable, and though I love the young lady even now as devotedly as ever, I sent her a letter explaining my future conduct, and requesting a return of the letters in her possession. As we were not engaged to one another, what is there in my conduct that deserves censure? The letters have not reached me. What am I to do? As I still love the young lady, what course should I pursue to regain her affection? Please advise a friend in adversity." We can hardly help thinking that you are impulsive and hasty. There should be no need for so much explaining in six months' sensible love-making. If you were not engaged, what right have you to presume that the young lady treasured your letters? They may have been treated as other passing notes. Of course it is impossible for us, not having the pleasure of knowing anything of you but your neat handwriting, and in entire ignorance of the tastes of the young lady, to indicate the way of "regaining," if you had it, her affection. We pity you much; but there are many Cuban questions time only can solve.

CLERICUS (New Orleans) says: "Your answers to correspondents in the column of your interesting paper has furnished me with much instruction. Will you please to oblige me by answering the following questions, if you are acquainted with the matter? Has a person the right, either according to law or a moral right, without consulting the author, to translate a French work published in Paris, which has the following printed on it: 'Right of reproduction and translation reserved?' If such a work were translated, could a copyright be procured for it in the United States? Which is the best kind of paper to write on for the book publishers, sermon paper or foolscap? I shall feel greatly indebted and much obliged if you would favor me with an answer in the columns of your *Ledger*." In the absence of an international copyright, the notice is of no force. It can only avail where rights are respected. We doubt if a man has a moral right to prevent the author arranging for *his* translation in this country—which conceivably he may do—and so picking his brains in the worst form. A copyright of such a translation could be obtained in this country; but any other person could translate the same work, and have his translation copyrighted. The kind of paper on which authors write is of little moment, if the writing be legible, accurate, and on one side of the paper, and the matter worth printing. Some men's—and women's—hieroglyphics are cheerfully made out with much difficulty; and other men's manuscript would not be used if it were legible across the Hudson.

J. W. L. (Muskegon, Mich.) says: "I now write you, asking advice, same as a good many are doing. I have two brothers, one younger and one older than myself, who can always talk about and see faults in others, but not in themselves. It has been their regular practice for the last year to [illegible] at [illegible] and [illegible] me in every manner, and will tell strangers to do the same. I have asked my parents frequently if they would have it stopped, but they will listen to what I have to say, and that is all. I have been tempted many a time to leave them all, knowing that I can make my living most anywhere, but thinking there would still be a hope of reform, I have remained at home. Home now has but little attraction for me. One of them can drink occasionally, talk vulgar nonsense, and chew tobacco to perfection, and the other is fast following in his footsteps. What is your opinion of such brothers, and what would you advise me to do? I hope you will answer this, through your *Ledger*, and greatly oblige." In view of the tobacco and the taunting, a sharp critic might apply the word "foul-mouthed" to these brothers. We put it more mildly, however. The practice grew up in thoughtlessness, till it became a habit. It is wicked and cruel. Your parents should stop it. But, unless you have other reasons for the step, do not leave home. Bear, and overcome by your self-control. The chances are you may have to support these youths when you are all men.

E. M. A. (Cincinnati, Ohio) says: "I come to you as thousands of others have, for advice. I have been a reader of the dear *Ledger* for some thirteen years, and this is the first time I have come to you for advice. I see what good advice you give others, and I know you can give it me also. I have been married seven years; have a good, kind husband and two little boys. My trouble is this: I have a way of speaking sharp and short to my husband and children, and getting angry at very trifling and small things. How can I quit it? I sometimes think it was born in me, for my father is just the same way—always mad, and don't know what makes him mad. I sometimes get to thinking about it, and I think it would be bad if I am permitted to live till I am old, to be a cross old woman. My husband is very quick-tempered, and then when I am mad he gets mad too; and I don't want my children to speak angry to one another. Please, Mr. Editor, don't throw this in the waste basket, but answer soon, as I shall be looking for it." There is no specific against bad temper but a resolute "I will not," to keep which purpose a Christian looks for aid from God. When you know your folly, you should be as decided in avoiding it as in keeping your hand out of the fire which you know will burn you. You had better set about reform for your husband's, your children's, and your own, sake. A cross woman, young or old, is a very unlovely object.

L. F. CASEY (Illinois) says: "Please advise one of your readers on the following painful subject: I was married about a week ago, to a young lady, by a justice of the peace. The lady came prepared for a bridal tour, and gave her trunk to me to have checked as we left. We were married somewhat privately. After we we were married, she made some excuse and went home again, and in her hurry to get away forgot her trunk, which I have yet. She says she will not live with me until we are married by a minister, as she does not consider herself married, and won't live with a man unless he be her lawful husband. What I want to know is, if I can compel her to acknowledge me as her husband, or whether we had better be married over again by a minister, if this can be done, and whether I am justified in keeping her clothing. Please answer this in the *Ledger* as soon as possible, as I will abide by your decision." We have heard of evil-minded men who were willing to take the fortune in cash, and a promissory note for the bride. In your case, which is somewhat different, and indeed very touching, a man counting on a wife, and having only a trunk! you had better get the minister. This is a free country, and there is no objection to the step; and probably a lady who has so much fixed principle will "make a man of you." Don't try law. Love is better in a case like this. Meantime be kind to—the trunk.

SAPPHO (Middletown, N. Y.) says: "I have long read with interest your answers to correspondents, and now wish to trouble you for the first time. I ate a philopena with a gentleman from New York, and the agreement was to philopena one another—give and take. Afterward he handed me an article, and I said, 'Philopena!' He says I had no right to philopena him without handing him something. He says that is customary in polite society. I live in the country, and think we have as polite society here as anywhere; and it is customary for the one that thinks of it first to say, 'Philopena,' in giving or taking anything. Please answer, and state which is correct." We give it up for the present, but if information from those distant regions of polite society should reach us, on which an undoubted opinion can be based, we shall let you know.

T. Y. J. (London, Tenn.) says: "Will you be kind enough to answer, in your valuable and interesting paper, whether 'He,' in the twenty-third line of Pope's Essay on Man, refers to God or man? By so doing, you will decide a difference of opinion existing among a number of persons who have agreed to be governed by your decision." In our edition of Pope (London, 1735) there is obviously an obscure punctuation which mars the sense of the lines, but we understand the "He" to be not God, nor Man, but a hypothetical person, the sense being, "If any one through vast immensity can pierce," etc., he, such an one, in line twenty-eight, "may tell, why heaven made all things as they are."

PEDAGOGUE (New Bethlehem, Pa.) says: "Suppose Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones to be first cousins, what relation would Mr. Jones' children be to Mr. Smith, and what relation would Mr. Jones' children be to Mr. Smith's children? By answering the above questions through the columns of your ever welcome *Ledger* you will settle a controversy between my friend and I." Mr. Jones' children will be Mr. Smith's first cousins, once removed, and the little Joneses and the little Smiths will be second cousins. By the way, as you are a pedagogue—which we presume is Greek for schoolmaster—how would you construe "between my friend and I?" Excuse our "objective."

SMOKER (Franklin, Tenn.) says: "You will oblige an old and constant reader of the New York *Ledger* by informing him what is meant by Tammany. And do you think that moderate smoking is injurious? I have seen a good many articles on smoking, none of which convinced it." Tammany was a wise Delaware chief whom the Democrats chose for tutelary saint. The New York Hall is so called. Smoking is not commended by us. Many allege that it affects the brain. Probably if there be little brain the mischief is proportionably small. Persons with splendid brains should stop it. You had better give it up.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY POUNDS (Middletown, Conn.) says: "You have so little trouble from our fair and lovely city in answering questions, that I claim the privilege of asking one, and please do not refuse me, for it is my first. I have read of the 'Banting system,' but do not understand much about it, more than it is to reduce one's live weight. Please give me the principles of it in your dear paper as soon as convenient." The Banting system is living on meat diet, without ale, or farinaceous food, or vegetables, in order to reduce superfluous fat. Banting is, or was, an undertaker in London.

MISSOURI (Montgomery) says: "From what publication of recent date can I get the most information in reference to Central Africa and the Nile? Did ever such persons as Grant and Seek explore the Nile?" You must surely mean Speke, who has written on the source of the Nile; but Grant's "Walk across Africa," is the book you desire on Central Africa—1864. Du Chaillu has written a "Journey to Ashango Land."

W. A. (Newark, N. J.) "desires to know how many miles wide the North River is between Jersey City Ferry and the New York side at Cortlandt street. I thought the distance at that part of the river not over two miles, while my friend insists that it is five miles. We agree to leave it to you to decide." We agree with you in estimating the distance as under two miles.

PHILADELPHIA says: "I am a young lawyer, and have a fine education, both legal and classical. I am also so situated as to be able to live with tolerable independence, outside of my profession; but have not had a single client since I began practising, two years ago. I have found out this about my profession: that in order to get practice, you must go about and make endeavors to that end, or get some older lawyer to help you. In the first place, I don't know any lawyer who will thus help me; and in the next place, I cannot, by nature, solicit, or drum, or make myself known in any such way; so that I may remain, Providence only knows how long, without making a single cent, or, what is more to me, without having a single piece of business to transact. I am naturally energetic, but in this particular am completely paralyzed and without energy. I know a considerable number of people here, but that does not benefit me. My reputation is high, both for my attainments and for studious and moral habits, and yet it benefits me not. I have never known any other lawyer to wait so long for business; those who came with me to the Bar, all have at least something to do, and I only ask that. An immense practice I never dreamed of. Now I think of removing to New York, where possibly I may feel a new life, but where I am unacquainted. I will not go to a small place on any terms, or give up my profession, although, when I am employed, I am contented, and hence a good reason to go into commercial life. What would you advise me to do, under the circumstances?" You should look about, and find something to do in your profession, in Philadelphia, where you are so well and so favorably known. If what you say about your education and position is true, you ought to be ashamed not to have got a case in two years. There must be something wrong. Call on some professional friend, and offer to help in a few cases for nothing. Visit the courts often, watch the proceedings, and volunteer as counsel for some poor fellow who is unable to employ a lawyer. In any event, do not think of coming to New York. There is no chance here for such an ineffective creature as you confess yourself to be.

MARIE, after lamenting that she has seen no answer to some questions she sent, probably of little practical interest, and so made to give way to matters of living interest, says: "Now what I wish to know first is, is there any law to prevent card-playing on Sunday, that is, when it is done only as a pastime by the members of a family? and if there is, have officers any right to come into the back-yard of a gentleman's house and look into the windows, and if they see persons inside playing cards, to arrest them at once? I say that there is no such law, while a lady friend of mine maintains that there is. 2d. What is the meaning of the 'Myth of Orpheus?' I have seen a collection of engravings so entitled, and I should like to know what it means; and if there is a book about it, what is the name of it, and where may it be obtained? 3d. If a child changes his religion, and his parents being opposed, he leaves his home, and if his father dies without making a will, can his relatives deprive him of his share of the property? that is, can the law keep it from him on account of the change of religion? 4th. What is the cause of electricity being in a person? Now, dear *Ledger*, I hope I shall be considered worthy of notice this time. I am sure if you knew what a favorite you are with me, and how much pleasure I derive from your company, you would not fail to notice me." 1. There is, in the fourth commandment. As to police law, we never pretended to understand *it*. 2. Orpheus was a Thracian poet who is credited with doing many incredible things. He may be heard of in a Classical Dictionary, in a good "Mythology," and in Alexander Pope's "St. Cecilia's Ode." 3. No change of religion consistent with sanity deprives an American child of civil rights. 4. As to the cause of electricity in the human body, we cannot answer more concisely than in the formula, "Born so."

H. M. (New Jersey) writes: "I am a young man twenty-two years of age. There is a young lady in our town with whom I am deeply in love, and have been for five years past, although I have never had any acquaintance with her. I have seen her at church and places of amusement, and have watched her, for it seems as if I cannot keep my eyes off of her. She, in return, stares at me. Now what I want to know first is, do you suppose she thinks anything of me, from her looking at me so hard; or does she look to see what I am staring at nearly all the time? I should like to know how to make her acquaintance. I am not acquainted with any person that knows her. How am I to do it? I hardly think it will do to speak to a lady I do not know. From the fact that her father is a millionaire, and I not worth quite thirty thousand dollars, I feel a little backward, although my family is as respectable and stands as high as hers. It is not her father's money I am after, but her alone." Get some mutual acquaintance to introduce you, and then the young lady can answer your questions better than we can. Five years is a long term of silent love. You had better be a little more expeditious, or you may die of old-age without ever having declared your love.

G. R. H. (Wyoming, Pa.) writes: "I am now engaged to be married. I have heretofore kept company with another young lady of this place, during which time I have written to her, given her eulogistic compositions, and photographs. They are yet in her possession. She keeps them as evidence of my attentions to her, telling me she has destroyed them, and at the same time showing them to others. Now what is to be done? Can I procure them by law, or have I any claim on them, or can you inform me in what way I can have them kept at bay, and not have their contents published?" Your simplest way is to go directly to the young lady herself who has these things, and tell her that although she has said they were destroyed, yet you know they are not; that you are now engaged to another, and you wish her to give them up to you. She will probably comply with such a reasonable request, addressed directly to her. You might prevent the publication of the letters by an injunction what we hardly think she will put you to the necessity of such a disagreeable remedy.

GERALDINE (Williamsburgh) writes: "Will you please inform me, through the 'Notices to Correspondents,' if there is any possible way of getting over bashfulness? I am very much troubled in that way. I am a young lady, eighteen years old, and have just left school. When I am in company, I can manage to enjoy myself very much when I am well acquainted with all; but if there are strange young gentlemen there, I cannot find a word to say to them, especially if these same young gentlemen are not inclined to talk. And I have found that young gentlemen in general do not prefer quiet girls. Even when I am not bashful I sometimes feel quiet. I often wish I could go forward like other young ladies that I know, who never feel bashful; but I am afraid I can never get entirely over it, because I do not care much for gentlemen's company." Your bashfulness will not hurt you. Forward young ladies may attract more attention, but when it comes to marrying, the shy ones are apt to be preferred.

A. WARDLOW says: "Having on several occasions received some good advice from your correspondents' column, I take the liberty of trespassing on your good-nature once more. The information I want is some instruction on the propagation of plants. I wish to know how to plant a slip or cutting, to cause it to grow, and become a healthy, vigorous plant. I have planted some in good ground, but do not succeed in getting them to take root. This being the season when information of this kind will benefit many readers, I have no doubt but that you will be pleased to enlighten your amateur florists." The counsel of a practical gardener must be sought; because the directions that suit one kind of cutting or planting may be quite unsuitable for another. Many amateurs pursue experiments on the authority of books that expressly treat of gardening. We could not hope to give useful directions for farming, gardening, boot making or coal mining, within the compass of these notices.

ALPINE (Schenectady) says: "I having been a reader of the *Ledger* for the last two years, have resolved to trouble you with the following questions: 1st. Does the Gulf Stream favor the passage of vessels going from New York to England? 2d. If so, how far do they sail in it? And does it affect the climate of England? 3d. How near does it approach to England? Having argued about these questions with a man, in which I said it favors the passage, and affects the climate; but as I could not convince him by my own words, or by the words of Warren's Physical Geography, as he said he would believe a sailor before any Geography, I thought I would leave it to you." We agree with you so far as you agree with Warren's Physical Geography, and we recommend you to devote to the construction of sentences the time that is wasted in arguing with persons like your opponent. He should look out for a sailor.

EDNA AND VIOLA (Cincinnati, Ohio) write: "Having seen much valuable advice, and always sensible answers, given to correspondents, we, in our dilemma, come to you for your opinion of the following: Last Sunday evening we went out to church together; we were not accompanied by a gentleman, thinking it unnecessary, as the distance was short. After church, a gentleman friend—an intimate friend of one of us, the other having met him but once before—came up to us, and entered into conversation on various subjects. Finally he accompanied us to the door, and there very politely bade us 'good-evening.' Now what we wish to know is this: Was this perfectly proper, or was it a breach of etiquette? should he not at least have offered his company?" It would have been more gallant, and certainly more natural, for the young man to offer to accompany you home.

W. M. C. (Nashville) writes: "Five miles south of this place lived a father and son. Near by lived a mother and daughter. The son courted and married the mother. The father courted and married the daughter. Both families have children. Now we wish to know what relation the father's children are to the son; and the son's to the father. Also, the children to each other." The father's children are half-brothers or half-sisters to the son. The son's children are grand-children to the father. Toward each other the children would hold the double relation of uncles and aunts on the side of one parent, and nephews and nieces on the side of the other parent. It is rather a mixed relationship, it must be confessed. There is a similar instance in this city, of two lawyers, a father and son; the son married the mother, and the father married the daughter.

COLONEL (Topeka, Kan.) says: "Will you oblige me by answering a very simple question, which has caused a little discussion in this community? By whom was the 'Hidden Hand' first published, and at what time? Did it not appear first in the *Ledger*?" Yes, it was first published in the *Ledger*, in the year 1859, and has never been published anywhere else in the United States. We own the copyright. The "Hidden Hand" was republished in Europe, where, of course, an American copyright is not respected.

QUERIST (Malden) asks: "Is there a book published on the origin of surnames? And if so, where can I get it?" There are several books on the subject referred to. Ask your bookseller to get you one, if he has none on hand. He can order a copy through the house he buys his books of, in the city.

I. (St. Louis, Mo.) asks: "What State in the Union has a public whipping-post?" Delaware.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*